THIS QUARTER

Edited & Published by EDWARD W. TITUS

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CONTENTS
for March 1932

EDITORIALLY :
On Translations 375

DIALOGUE :
What Distinguishes Music and Architecture from the Other Arts by *Paul Valéry* of the French Academy 387

ESSAYS :
Mockado, Fustian and Motley by *T. O. Beachcroft* 436
The Horrors of Literary Success by *Montgomery Belgion* 545
What is Art ? Gentile v. Croce by *E. F. Carritt* 480

MISCELLANEOUS :
Confessions by *August W. Derleth* 451

POEMS :
Island Dawn by *Kathleen Balbernie* 473
Notte di Natale, Sicily by *Kathleen Balbernie* 471
Three Poems by *E. E. Cummings* 458
Small Offerings by *Emanuel Eisenberg* 450
Foray of Centaurs, Arrival, Third Canto by *Joseph Gordon Macleod* 415
Second Thoughts by *R. L. Mégroz* 510
Betrayed by *Ruth Peacock* 435
The Old Lady Stays On by *Ruth Peacock* 433
Tin Box by *Ruth Peacock* 434
Lesbos Infelix by *Eva Rachè* 394
You Told Me Love is a Star by *J. M. Reeves* 479
The Apes by *A. L. Rowse* 540
Warnings to a Man Among Midgets by *George Whitsett* 498

CONTENTS

STORIES :

Black Velvet by *Charles Beadle*	474
The Returned by *Neville Brand*	399
Episode in 1930 by *Rupert Croft-Cooke*	517
Bill and Carrie by *Karlton Kelm*	511
Across the Heath by *Leslie Reid*	501
Tinkling Brass by *Waverley Lewis Root*	462
Moulting Time by *Horace Titus*	532
The Death Watch by *Isabel Wyatt*	420

THE FLYING COLUMN :

Lytton Strachey	553
" Doctor, Heal Thyself! "	554
Calling in the Heathen Chinee	555
Old Stuff or Just Stuff	556
" Basic " and Babel	557

DRAWINGS :

by *W. H. Johnson*	431
Eva Rachè	397
Matthew Smtih	551
D. Spiegel	499

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THIS QUARTER

March

EDITORIALLY :

JUST as we were going to press with our last—the December—number, it was settled that there will be this year an addition to the prizes for which already our contributors have been eligible. The prizes which, as our regular readers do not need to be told, are now in their second year are the following :

The RICHARD ALDINGTON Poetry Prize of 10,000 Francs to be awarded to the ablest young American Poet whose work has appeared in THIS QUARTER within the twelvemonth; and
THIS QUARTER's Poetry Prize of 2,500 Francs to be awarded to the ablest young English Poet whose work has appeared in THIS QUARTER within the twelvemonth.

To these then there will be added during the current calendar year a third award for which we have to thank the generosity of the English publishers who distribute our periodical in the United Kingdom and

the British Dominions. We refer, of course, to Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd.

Since the arrangements for this new award were definitely settled only as we were going to press with our last number, we were just able to make the announcement of it on the back of the cover of that number. That announcement appears again on the back cover of this issue.

Wishing to increase still further the interest which our publication of THIS QUARTER has attracted in England and the British Dominions, and also to assist in the keeping up of the admittedly high quality of the fiction we publish, Messrs. Heinemann generously proposed to award *a sum of fifty guineas* to the author of one of the short stories by living British subjects which will appear in these pages during 1932. That is to say, to one of the short stories by living British subjects which will appear in this current number and the June, September and December numbers. Needless to say, this offer we enthusiastically accepted.

We shall not make the invidious assertion that the short story in question will be the *best* short story by an English writer which we shall have published during this year. But it will be the short story by an English writer which the following Committee will consider deserves the award: Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, Mr. A. S. Frere-Reeves, of Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., and the Editor of THIS QUARTER.

***

GOETHE IN TRANSLATION

Thus Goethe's lighter lyric vein, in our own hesitant editorial version :

COMPARISON

I plucked some meadow flowers one day
And took them with me, musing on the way.
From warmth of fingers around them looped
In listless mood their crowns had drooped.
Refreshed by water in a glass,
A miracle had come to pass!
Their little heads were soon erect,
Their leafy stems in bright green decked,
They grew robust here in my home
As when they stood in native loam.

And so fared I when I heard sung
My songs set in an alien tongue.

It would surely be vain to raise the question now posthumous and so remote whether the alien tongue in which Goethe heard his songs with such delight was the English tongue. For, on the whole, English versions of Goethe's poems have not been felicitous. Possibly, late eighteenth and early nineteenth century translators of poetry into English lacked the dexterity which their pre-Romantic and Classical fore-runners possessed to such a marked degree. Perhaps it was the as yet unfamiliar and therefore hampering leanness, the close-to-the-bone-economy in Goethe's poetic diction—wherein he seems more akin to our own day than he was to his English contemporaries in his; wherein, indeed he differed from his contemporary fellow-poet and faithful collaborator, Schiller—which must be held accountable for a rendition at once angular, uninspired, and without a trace of Goethe's magnificent serenity. Perhaps, also, the English translators of verse at that period, despite the kinship of the two languages, had faced the same difficulty—only the other way about—that Goethe complained he had felt in rendering English verse into the German language. To turn (he said substantially) the striking single-syllable English words into polysyllabic or compound German words, results at once, and completely, in loss of force and effect. He was probably unaware that about the same time there had been some disaffection between Coleridge,

who admired particularly Goethe's shorter lyrics, and Wordsworth, whose diction had a simplicity and compactness which Coleridge had been less felicitous in achieving.

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COLERIDGE AS CRITIC

Great as have been Coleridge's critical gifts, consistency has not always loyally companioned them, and his authority as a critic is therefore not always at high-water mark. He would translate Schiller, whose versification he criticized adversely, but never translated Goethe whose verse, at least whose shorter lyrics, as we have said, delighted him. He defended the use of " natural language," neither bookish nor vulgar, neither redolent of the lamp, nor of the kennel, such as " *I will remember thee,*" instead of the same thought tricked up in the rag-fair finery :

> "... *Thy image on her wing*
> *Before my Fancy's eye shall Memory bring.*"

He defended natural language which, we think, was more characteristic of Goethe's poetry than Schiller's, as it was more characteristic of Wordsworth's than of Coleridge's. For all we know, his theological mind may have found Goethe's poems, shall we use his adjective, " vulgar " in spots; to cite one example at least, Goethe's *Etymologie,* second line. It cannot be denied, however, that poetry was in a state of general ferment in those days, a sense of definite direction was lacking all round, and probably Goethe alone firmly knew what he was about, as only Shakespeare had known before him.

But returning to the pleasure Goethe derived from hearing his verse in translation; if, we repeat, the translation was in English, it is not unlikely that he preferred not to be, or was not temperamentally, as censorious or fastidious as we are to-day; or, although recast in foreign speech, although his eye had the foreign print before it, and unwonted resonances had vibrated against his ear, his mind may still have spelled out the familiar lines in his native tongue.

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AN APPEAL TO POETS

In view of the many transitional, not to say revolutionary periods English prosody has undergone in the intervening century, the time, we firmly believe, is now ripe for Goethe's more important poetic work to be rendered into English afresh. We should like to print in THIS QUARTER at least twenty lyrics in translation each by various hands, and we appeal to English and American poets to supply us with craftsmanlike specimens. We have certain names in mind, but would rather not mention them in order that the door may stay open to all comers.

⁂

LITERATURE BY THE POUND

Still on the topic of translation, but rather in the nature of a plunge from the sublime to the ridiculous, we cannot help but call attention to a species of literary quackery that is making itself more and more discernible and should receive very short shrift indeed. If we limit ourselves to no more than two recent examples, it is not because they should be condemned more severely than others equally horrific, but because they are typical of much that publishers are ready to swallow, and do, knowingly or innocently, swallow, in the mad and furious race to outdo competition.

We have been wondering whether a new policy—one that only crass stupidity could have conceived—has not crept into the publishing industry, a policy which if not nipped in the bud—and we think it is still in the bud stage—will harm the industry incalculably. The policy seems to be no more and no less than the issue of bad books because times are bad. The monthly catalogues of government publications issued by the British Stationery Office give price and *weight* of the books it publishes. Many of those books possess more than an ordinary interest. It should not be overlooked that, among others, Norman Douglas has been published under this august imprint. A definite statement of the avoirdupois of a published work strikes us as an eminently fairer method of putting readers on their guard as to what they are likely to be given for their money.

At all events, inasmuch as sufficient bad books can be produced by indigenous talent, we cannot for the life of us

see why money should be handed out to foreigners for translating material that our countrymen can supply in a native quality at least as bad. Buy British, buy American, buy French, or what not, may—if you will—be a good enough patriotic as well as economic slogan, all things being equal. It may still be sound enough patriotically, if, perhaps, less so economically, even when the domestic article proves inferior to the foreign; but when, adding insult to injury, the already inferior importation is gutted, denatured, watered down to nauseating insipidity and in other particulars damaged in transit—well, we have no fondness for invective !

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AN OMINOUS BOOK-TITLE

Exhibit No. 1 is *Karriere* by Robert Neumann, originally published in 1931, Engelhorn's Nachf., Stuttgart, the translation from the German having recently been issued by Peter Davies, London, under the title *On the Make*—an ominous title, indeed. It is with the English version that we propose to deal. Reviewing it the other day, Mr. Gerald Gould termed it a " vulgar " book. In the original German it is not that in any scabrous sense. Not more so than *Moll Flanders;* not more so than *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* Its humour may not be of the precise Sunday School kind, but this humour is a perfectly healthy one, and the book, we must say, yielded us much pleasure when we read it in the original. Much—perhaps most—of the book's humour lies in its peculiar colloquialisms—in their way not unlike Ring Lardner's or Miss Loos's. The story is told entirely in the first person singular by the heroine, Erna, whose idiom is that of the curious German spoken in certain parts of Hungary, an idiom that was a never-ending source of hilarity in Vienna in the city's palmy days. But of that curious German there is not a trace in the English version. There could not be, in fact, in an English version. The translator has made an honest enough effort to substitute a sort of mongrel Anglo-American slang, but he has, we must say, failed entirely. Nor can it be said that the slang is of the most recent vintage. But the translator's failure is not, it appears, due so much to his lack of familiarity with the latest current slang as to the fact that the original German idiom was entirely beyond

his depth. He had not " got it " at all. What he felt he had not grasped, he simply left out. Of the original atmosphere, he conveyed only the scantiest notion, and that, more likely than not, he could not help conveying, since he had to preserve proper names of persons and places at least.

Even of the heroine's precise occupation in the *tingeltangel*, or cabaret, with which the author deals in the first thirty pages of the book, the translator had but a vague idea. Her station in life at that particular period of her career was not only that of performer, *Künstlerin*, to use her own glorified nomenclature, on the cabaret stage, but also that of an *Animirdame*. This latter the translator seems to have misconceived. *Animirdame* is a well-known, euphoniously elegant name for an inelegant occupation. It may, and very likely often does, partake of what the publisher's blurb, with caution and circumspection, refers to as " the oldest profession in the world," but it need not necessarily so partake. The name is as elegant and the calling it designates as inelegant as its American, probably also its English, equivalent, " hostess," which, in point of fact, the personage of this type is not. Invariably she is guest rather than hostess. And it is this one of the heroine's bifurcated businesses which the translator inexpertly renders by the entirely nondescript " entertainer." The definite and well-defined business of such a " hostess " or " *Animirdame* " is to wheedle customers into consuming, or at least paying for, as much liquid refreshments as their purses will warrant. The heroine, then, was an entertainer only in so far as she did her little bare-belly turn on the stage, but she was " hostess " when, in the interest of the proprietor—and incidentally in her own interest—she engaged in kidding the bozos into ordering more, and still more, liquor.

When the heroine complains of having been insulted (*beleidigt*) by Aranka, her fellow-worker in the cabaret, the English version makes her high-falutingly " take offence " or " lose self-control." And whenever the translator embroiders on the original text, which he does frequently and as a rule gratuitously, it is with a tyro's hand, as when, reacting with an attack on the woman who has insulted her, the heroine " gently seizes her by the throat, just to keep her quiet-like," the translator, instead, prefers to have her " hold her neck a little, just out of kindness, to keep her from bursting a blood vessel," which description, in this, as other descriptions do in similar instances, adds to the length

of his opus, but adds nothing else. Our heroine's rival—she who from purely human motives was seized by the throat—wore silk ruching round her neck, which ruching became unavoidably soiled in the tussle; and anyway, observes our heroine, why should the woman wear silk ruching round her neck,—doesn't it only make her look fat? The translator however—we can't fathom why—prefers to put a "satin ribbon" on the lady's neck. Will any of our women readers consent to enlighten us whether a ribbon worn round the neck is more likely to make the wearer look fat than would a span of more or less fluffy silk ruching? And then the good old vigorous sobriquet *Luder!* One would never imagine what transformation that has had to submit to in the English version. Once it becomes "a fat old cat," then again, "Oh, she is a sly one all right." "Bitch" you should have made it, sir, just plain common or garden "bitch," without frills, ruching or furbelows. But the translator's sense of elegance has not been fast-rooted. It has eluded him at times, as when, speaking of two prosperous cabaret customers, he remarks that "they're lousy with gold," which one looks for in vain in the original. We translate from the German text: "Just then Aranka pokes in at the door—every half-hour she's got to be trotting outside—and says 'So Erna is to be the other one, is she?'" These few simple words are spun out into about forty in the English text, and again the improvement is just nil.

The translator even takes it upon himself to introduce a bit of difficult, almost magical, stagecraft upon the tiny modest cabaret stage, for he has this same Aranka "stuck up in a corner of the ceiling, where no one can see her," when the original author simply makes her "stand back in the corner," and no more.—We read in the original; *Der eine... kommt uns sofort entgegen un küsst uns die Hand, also tadellos... und sagt 'Servus, meine Damen, Küss-diehand.'*" In the English translation this emerges: "A real gentleman... up he jumps and kisses our hands most politely. 'Good evening, ladies,' he says. 'Küssdiehand.' Oh, his manners were absolutely *divine.*" Such useless interpolations occur again and again, and are always similarly flaccid. We shall not tire the reader by multiplying examples of them.

After the same gentleman customer had admiringly administered to the heroine "a smack on a certain part," which in the English version, out of a delicate consideration

for the reader, becomes " a playful pinch," his man friend struggles out of a chair, clicks his heels together, " *Also ganz stramm* " (this was too much for the translator, so he let it fall by the wayside), and " bows his head ever so slightly," which slight inclination of the head the translator has measured out to have been precisely of " half a centimetre."

But the production of *Karriere* in translation has been dignified sufficiently.

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A NOVEL KIND OF TRANSLATION

And now for the other book that has come to our reviewer's desk. This one is a translation from the French, published in America. When we say it is a translation we do so with a reservation, because no publication of the book in the French language is known to have taken place. The book purports to have been written " by an American ex-business man who has lived abroad for many years and who, while making conversational use of both the English and American languages, finds that neither of them will serve him adequately when it comes to writing." May we express to the aforesaid English and American languages our heartfelt condolences and at the same time also our fervent hope that the fates may prove kind to them in the cruel bereavement which has thus befallen them. However, the alleged original French version not being available, we have no means of comparing it with, and forming any opinion of the quality of, the equally alleged translation into, shall we say the English or American or, perchance, the English-American language. We have therefore abstained from reading the book beyond the translator's prefatory note. We had no more than glanced through the pages when our attention was arrested by the many italicized words specking them. Looking closer we found them to be *French* words!

We should like to know what possible notion the publishers of the book may have nurtured as to the purpose of translating a given work from one language into another. The general assumption has always been, we believe, that translations are practised in order to enable readers who have no understanding of the language in which the book was originally composed, to read and understand it in their own, for the sake of whatever ultimate profit or entertainment they

may thereby derive from it. If there is any rule in the translator's art that has usually been observed, it is that everything should be translated that is capable of translation, such matter only, on so-called moral grounds, excepted, as may be considered " tinctured with licentiousness." There are, admittedly, words or idioms that are untranslatable and for which no equivalents exist. But foreign words that have become naturalized or current in the language translated into may be allowed to remain, although the more consistent practice, we think, would be to use the English equivalent if there is one. A translator has no more reason to assume that his English reader has a French vocabulary of ten working words than of five hundred or a thousand. He is bound to assume that to his reader all French is Greek. To ply him with French expressions when he has every right to expect that they have been duly translated for him, is to impose on him. Now all the italicized French words—proper names only excepted—that we have come across in this book are in full possession of good English equivalents. To leave them in the original tongue is an indefensible innovation and can be accounted for only on grounds of affectation, slovenliness, lack of linguistic equipment, or a the-reader-be-damned attitude.

For example : On p. 3, *châlet de nécessité* (with the *accent circonflexe*, which is certainly not used in French). Uncomfortable to the squeamish point is it to think of the potentialities of a necessitous inquiry addressed to a New York or London policeman for the nearest " *châlet de nécessité* ", circumflex and all. . . . The term is repeated on p. 4 in this sentence : " I cannot pass a *châlet de nécessité* without a tug at my heart." What a strange instance of misplacement in human functional anatomy. . . . Then we have *vin rouge*, as if red wine would be an Anglo-Saxon neologism. And this : " One thousand francs a month, board and room, *ça va ?* " Does the tacking on of the " *ça va* " make for atmosphere ? If a book of nearly 200 pages, written in French, with a French locale, would not, if completely turned into English, possess the necessary French atmosphere without such a schoolboy's parade of French in the English version, the case for translation would be hopeless indeed. Again there is : " *comme il faut*," " *dancing*," " *Waters à l'anglaise*," " *Waters*." Especially precious is the " Once we've had a bite to eat some evening with a couple of *poules*." To bolster up this jargon, *poules*

have to take the place of the perfectly idiomatic chickens. Then we have also come across : " a third rate *pâtisserie.*" Prohibition must have suppressed pastry shops as well as saloons in America. Supper dance is evidently not genteel enough, so we are given " *souper dansant.*" Again : " We're opening up an antique-shop in the rue du Bac, for Pierre, I think, has a gift for ' *l'ancien* '. " And of course there is our old friend, " the *beau-monde.*" We read of " a garden *à la française,*" &c., &c. The strangest instance of the workings of the translator's mentality is the occurrence of the words " *Cinq mille* " and " *Cent mille* " with the English words " (five thousand) " and " (one hundred thousand) " printed alongside in parentheses. Why have we this duplication here and not elsewhere ? Why have we it here, at all ?

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NOW FOR THE PLUM! The publishers of this novel kind of translation say : " Though in effect the book is cutting social satire it is, too, a sparkling narrative full of droll diableries." We take their word for it, since, as we have said, we have not read the book beyond the preface. In this we note that the translator dwells on the difficulty he had in rendering the book into its present " language". In the course of his remarks he goes entirely out of his way to comment upon another book, as follows : " As for the much over-rated *Kiki* and her *Memoirs;* here is the book that Kiki or her ' ghost ' would like to have written, had they (*sic!*) been able to write, and had they not been deliberately holding out, while playing up saleable nothings."

Lest the reader miss the full flavour of this gratuitous reference to " the much over-rated *Kiki* and her *Memoirs,*" let it be said that *Kiki's Memoirs* is the title of a book published in Paris in 1930. It has an introduction by no other than Mr. Ernest Hemingway, in which he says of the main contents, that " a part of it will remind you, and some of it will bear comparison with, another book with a woman's name written by Daniel Defoe." A second introduction follows Mr. Hemingway's in which the *Memoirs* are eulogized thus :

" Her prose is the most subtle that I know. At rare moments you think of a remote sort of Anita Loos flapper; but the next moment you banish the thought as sacrilege. I know absolutely of no other prose with which to compare this.... In fact Kiki's prose is as fine an example as any I know of that quality on which French classicists so pride themselves: *clarté*."

This was appended to the English version of *Kiki's Memoirs* and was written and signed, and the English version itself was made—here our readers will get the full flavour of the above quoted reference—by the self-same man who has written the prefatory remarks to, and translated, the book of " droll diableries " we have been commenting on.

Vive la littérature!

E. W. T.

PAUL VALÉRY

(of the French Academy)

WHAT DISTINGUISHES MUSIC AND ARCHITECTURE FROM THE OTHER ARTS

In this passage from Eupalinos, *M. Valéry develops discursively a thought which has inspired one of the* Charmes: Le Cantique des Colonnes. *The comparison between the two arts is no new one—was it not Schelling who first spoke of architecture as "frozen music"?—but M. Valéry's treatment of the theme, which has a strict beauty of its own, gains from his genuine preoccupation with technique in both the arts.*

As for the interrelation of all the arts in this domain, it will be remembered that the poet declares the rhythms of La Jeune Parque *to have been modelled on those of Gluck.*

The translation of Eupalinos *from which this passage is taken will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press.*

SOCRATES. If I met this Eupalinos, I should ask him to explain somewhat more clearly about those buildings of which he said "that they sing."

PHAEDRUS. I see that phrase of his haunts you.

SOCRATES. There are sayings that are bees for the mind. They have the persistence of those insects that torment us. This one has stung me.

PHAEDRUS. And what says the sting?

SOCRATES. It ceases not to spur me on to expatiate upon the arts. I compare them, I distinguish them;

I would hear the song of the columns and visualize in the pure sky the monument of a melody. This conceit very easily leads me to set on one side Music and Architecture; and over against them, the other arts. A painting, dear Phaedrus, covers a mere surface such as a panel or a wall; and thereupon it feigns objects and personages. The statuary likewise never adorns more than a portion of our view. But a temple along with its precincts, or again the interior of this temple, forms for us a sort of complete greatness within which we live.... We are, we move, we live inside the work of man! There is not a part of that triple extent that has not been studied out and reflected upon. In it we breathe in, in some sort, the will and preferences of an individual. We are caught and mastered within the proportions he has chosen. We cannot escape him.

PHAEDRUS. No doubt.

SOCRATES. But do you not see that the same thing happens to us in another circumstance?

PHAEDRUS. What thing?

SOCRATES. The being inside the work of man as fishes are in the sea, the being entirely bathed by it, living in it and belonging to it?

PHAEDRUS. I cannot guess.

SOCRATES. Why, did you never experience this when present at some religious festival, or when taking part in some banquet, while the instruments filled the hall with sound and phantoms? Did it not seem to you that an intelligible and changing space was substituted for primitive space; or rather, that time itself surrounded you on all sides? Did you not live in a mobile edifice, incessantly renewed and reconstructed within itself, and entirely dedicated to the transformations of a soul that we might call the soul of extension? Was there not a changing plenitude, analogous to a continuous flame, illumining and

warming your whole being by an unceasing fiery consumption of memories, of forebodings, regrets and forecasts, and of an infinity of emotions having no clear cause? And did not these moments, and their ornaments, and these dances without dancers, and these statues, bodiless and featureless (and yet so delicately outlined), seem to surround you, slave as you were of the general presence of Music? And this inexhaustible production of enchantments, were you not enclosed along with it, nay forcibly locked up, like a Pythia in her chamber of vapours?

PHAEDRUS. Yes, certainly. And I even have observed that to be in this enclosure and in this universe created by sound, wherever it be, was to be outside of one's self....

SOCRATES. And further! Have you not felt this mobility as motionless relatively to your still more mobile thought? Have you not considered, at certain instants, and as though apart from yourself, this edifice of apparitions, of transitions, of conflicts and of indefinable events, as a thing from which one can divert one's attention, and to which one can return, as by a road, to find it all nearly the same?

PHAEDRUS. I confess that it has happened to me to detach myself unwittingly from music, and in some sort to leave it where it was.... My attention strays from it, the music itself being the starting point that invites my distraction. Then I return into its bosom.

SOCRATES. All this mobility forms then, as it were, a solid. It seems to exist in itself, like a temple built about your soul; you can go out and away from it; you can go in again by another door....

PHAEDRUS. That is so. And I should even say that one never goes in again by the same door.

SOCRATES. There are then two arts which enclose man in man, or rather which enclose the being in its work, and the soul in its acts and in the productions

of its acts, as our body of yore was entirely enclosed in the creations of its eye, and surrounded with sight. By means of two arts it wraps itself up, in two different ways, in their inner laws and wills, which are figured forth in one material or another, stone or air.

PHAEDRUS. I well see that Music and Architecture have each of them this profound relationship with us.

SOCRATES. Both occupy the totality of one sense. We only escape from the one by an inner severance; from the other only by movements. And each of them fills our knowledge and our space with artificial truths, and with objects essentially human.

PHAEDRUS. Therefore, these two arts, being so directly related with us, without intermediaries, must also have with one another a peculiarly simple relationship ?

SOCRATES. Quite so; and you rightly say: without intermediaries. For the visible objects on which the other arts and poetry draw : flowers; trees, living beings (and even the immortals), when they are employed by the artist, do not cease to be what they are, nor to mix their nature and their own significance with the design of him who uses them to express what he wishes. Thus the painter who desires that a certain place on his picture be green, puts there a tree; and by so doing he says something more than what he wished to say originally. He adds to his work all the ideas that spring from the idea of a tree, and cannot confine himself to what suffices. He cannot separate colour from some being.

PHAEDRUS. Such is the profit, and such the disadvantage of being enslaved to real objects; each of them is a plurality of things for man, and may be turned to a plurality of different uses for his acts. . . . What you say of the painter makes me think, too, of children whom a teacher requires to reason upon Achilles and the tortoise, and to find out what time

a hero will need to overtake a sluggish animal. Instead of dispelling the fable from their minds, and of concentrating on the numbers and their mathematical relations, they conjure up on the one hand the winged feet; on the other the tardy tortoise; their minds enter successively into the two beings; they think the one, and think the other; and creating thus two incommunicable times and spaces, never reach the state where there is no more Achilles and no more tortoise, nor even time or speed, but numbers alone and numerical relations.

SOCRATES. But the arts of which we speak should, on the contrary, by means of numbers and relations of numbers, engender in us not a fable, but that hidden power which makes all fables. They raise the soul to the creative pitch, and make it sonorous and fertile. The soul responds to that pure material harmony which they communicate to her, by an inexhaustible abundance of explanations and myths which she engenders without effort; and she creates, for that invincible emotion which calculated forms and right intervals impose on her, an infinitude of imaginary causes, which make her live a thousand marvellously sudden lives that merge into one another.

PHAEDRUS. Neither painting nor poetry has this virtue.

SOCRATES. They have, it is true, virtues of their own; which however reside, in some sort, in the present. A beautiful body demands to be looked upon for its own sake, and offers us an admirable moment: 'tis a detail of nature, which the artist has stayed by a miracle.... But Music and Architecture make us think of something quite other than themselves; they are in the midst of this world like the monuments of another world; or, if you will, like the examples, disseminated here and there, of a structure and duration that are not those of beings but those of forms

and of laws. They seem dedicated to reminding us directly—one, of the formation of the universe, the other, of its order and stability; they invoke the constructions of the mind, and its freedom, which is in search of this order and reconstitutes it in a thousand ways; they therefore neglect the particular appearance with which the world and the mind are ordinarliy occupied: plants, beasts and people. . . . I have even observed sometimes, when listening to music with an attention equal to its complexity, that I was as it were no longer perceiving the sounds of the instruments as sensations of the ear. The symphony itself made me forget the sense of hearing. It transformed itself so promptly, so exactly, into animated truths and universal adventures, or again into abstract combinations, that I no longer was conscious of the sensible intermediary, sound.

PHAEDRUS. You mean, do you not, that the statue makes one think of the statue, but that music does not make one think of music, nor a construction of another construction? That is how—if you are right—a facade can sing! But I ask myself in vain how these strange effects are possible.

SOCRATES. It seems to me that we have already found out.

PHAEDRUS. I have only got a confused notion of it.

SOCRATES. What did we say? — To impose upon stone, or communicate to the air, intelligible forms; to borrow a minimum from natural objects, to imitate as little as possible; this is common to the two arts.

PHAEDRUS. Yes. They have these negative qualities in common.

SOCRATES. But, on the other hand, to produce essentially human objects; to make use of sensible means, which yet are not likenesses of sensible things nor duplicates of known beings; to give form and

shape to laws, or deduce from the laws themselves their form and shape; is this not equally characteristic of both arts ?

PHAEDRUS. They can also be compared in this respect.

SOCRATES. We have tracked down the mystery with these few ideas. The analogy we were hunting for is perhaps connected with those half-concrete, half-abstract existences which play so large a part in our two arts : they are singular existences, true creatures of man, partaking of sight and of touch—or else of hearing—but also of reason, number and language.

PHAEDRUS. You mean geometric figures ?

SOCRATES. Yes. And groups of sounds, or rhythms and musical modes. Sound itself, pure sound, is a sort of creation. Nature has only noises.

PHAEDRUS. But are not all figues geometrical ?

SOCRATES. No more than a noise is a musical sound.

(*From the French by William McCausland Stewart.*)

EVA RACHÈ

LESBOS INFELIX

In a dance of shadows you emerged from beneath
the street lanthorn—
and shadows fell upon and garishly blotched your
pallid face.
So first I saw you
and joined my steps in pace to yours
and walked in equal beat with your
high
clattering
pattering
heels.
It sounded pearls falling on the flagstones :
I followed as if to gather them
—to keep—
You never once looked back but witched me on
with swaying play
of hips.

White fluttered your hands as linens flutter in the wind
and
betrayed you. —
You turned from
the broad-shouldered man who walked beside you
he vanished in the subway's open maw.
You halted—
felt my eyes upon you—

and came
to join me
then after me
you mounted
the stair
high
to the garret
floor.

Light fell upon you and like flowers the water's edge
thick fair lashes hemmed your eyes
into which I gazed
and found no bottom.
Unstirringly looking at you
I felt I have known you always.
Where had you been away so long? —
Inveterate was the mask upon your face
and under smudge of red your mouth lay hidden.
Your hand scraped sharply over it—
to offer up a pale mouth's bitterness
for me to see.

My eyes were filled with you I held your hands of ice
you stood in silence understanding spoke between us—
nothing happened—
and yet a thousandfold you gave yourself
by look—
to me.

You made me sole depositary of your secret:
you had a soul, and here
it naked lay before me
in your poor
martyred
face—
unpainted.

EVA RACHE

I leaned to kiss your hands—
a chill was on them for all they lay so long
held close in mine
as in
a child's warm bed.
You drew them from me as if ashamed—perhaps—
that I should
kiss
your hands
the love-wise
frail chilled-through hands.
And then like one who spreads a net you cast
a black cape over the flame of your dancing hair
the red point of your pencil
daubed a shrill curve of defiance
on your
embittered
pallid mouth.
hiding it—
you turned—
went back
to drudging days
the door was left ajar
and your withdrawing steps
echoed back to me
a farewell turmoil

. . . .

alone
I shivered
and in the street below a taxi shrieked.

(Rendered from the German by E.W.T.)

"Cache-toi guerre!" [Eva Rachè
— COMTE DE LAUTREAMONT

NEVILLE BRAND

THE RETURNED

The first people who saw him were some soldiers at work on a road several miles behind the line. The sergeant in charge of the party was struck by the man's unusual appearance and by his apparently searching for something. Shabbily dressed, the Stranger had a pale, thin face which seemed to jut out above his body, so that it was the most important part of him. It is curious that no one, recalling him afterwards, could ever say definitely what his age might be; his appearance changed from day to day.

As he went up the road, the sergeant looked at him till he was lost to sight behind a mound of rubble which had once been a house. The sergeant was half-tempted to follow; he could not say why, but he had a longing to know what could have brought the Stranger there. A spy? You never could tell; in these back areas there were plenty of them. Should he follow? It wouldn't take long; the man was walking slowly and—what was it he carried in his hand, something which had brought back a memory of days gone by: a twig, a piece of stick? The sergeant pushed back his steel helmet and scratched his head. Now, why should a piece of stick have made him think of the farm where he had lived as a boy? It was queer, he felt certain that——

"Why, dammit, of course!"

At the sound of the sergeant's exclamation, the men looked up from their work, but he paid no heed to them. Of course, now he remembered; years ago, when quite

a nipper, he had seen a man with a stick like that, walking across a meadow, quartering the ground, holding out the stick between his fingers until all of a sudden it had begun to writhe as if it were alive. And then every one had dug, excitedly, till they came on a spring of fresh water. That was it—a water diviner, of course! But what could he be doing with his twig of hazel in this place, in the middle of a war?

The sergeant stepped out into the road and hurried after the Stranger, but when he got past the ruined house there was no one to be seen; the fellow had vanished! Reluctantly, the sergeant went back to his men. For the rest of the day he was uneasy; he could not rid himself of the recollection of a hazel twig which had quivered like a living thing.

The next report of the Stranger came from a gun pit, several miles to the east of the road on which he had first been seen. He appeared as it was growing dusk, standing on the lip of the pit in which the gun was mounted, looking down at the men gathered about the breech. The air was thick with fumes, acrid smoke was curling upward, and the gun's crew were clustered round two figures stretched by the wheels. Men were calling and running, and there was moaning, like the beat of an engine.

"Third premature this month—we'll all be blown to bits by our own guns——"

"What are they doing with that stretcher?"

"Never mind—cut the boot away—here, give me the knife, you clumsy blighter——"

One of the men in the pit, happening to glance up, saw the Stranger. His back was to the light, but the twig in his hand stood out clearly, and it seemed to quiver.

"Here, you!" the soldier called out. "Get out of this, we don't want you here!"

The lonely figure seemed to hesitate, as if uncertain whether or not to step down into the pit, but other voices came, abusing and cursing, and he turned away. In the excitement of attending to the wounded men, he was forgotten, but later a message was sent to Brigade Headquarters, reporting the presence of a suspicious-looking civilian.

Three days later a certain major walked into a dug-out in the front line. There was nothing remarkable in that, except that the major in question had been killed in a night raid two days earlier and his body had been clearly visible, caught up on the wire between the lines.

When he came into the dug-out he was pale and there was a queer look in his eyes, as if he did not quite understand where he was, and his appearance caused a kind of panic, since the others there had all known him well. They offered him food and drink and tried to talk to him, but he would say nothing beyond stating that he was sleepy. They sent him back to a dressing-station.

That same day, in a different part of the line, two private soldiers and a corporal, who had been killed a week earlier, appeared on roll-call. They, too, had an air of being puzzled and of extreme sadness, as if they had come against their will. Authority was a little frightened; the men were sent back to the Base, with a message that they be carefully watched, and they went quietly, submissively, moving gently, as if afraid of disturbing some one.

And then from other places, in the line and out, men came back who were known to be dead. Their uniforms and equipment were often ruined and caked with earth, but their bodies seemed whole and untouched. There was about them all the same as it were elfin air—they seemed to be creatures from some other world.

Hurried consultations were held with the medical

authorities. Some of the Returned were physically examined, but there was no solution of the mystery. They were reluctant to speak and could offer no explanations; they were as if half asleep.

The censors received instructions to prevent the news from spreading, but already the whole front was alive with stories of what was taking place.

At first the Returned had come singly; by the end of a week dead men were rejoining their units in parties of four or five, drifting in with a lost, casual air or wandering about in search of units which had been moved away. The Casualty Department were nearly distracted; carefully-checked lists became useless. Widows at home found themselves tied once more to unwanted husbands whom they had mourned with every sign of respect. The Courts saw themselves faced with an unending series of trials for bigamy. The Pensions Office was in a pandemonium. Quartermasters were reported to have applied for service in the line.

It was decided that a concentration camp should be formed for the Returned and there they were herded, watched over by guards who stood in terror of their charges, scarcely daring to enter the huts or mix with the occupants.

An infantry captain was the first to see the thing happen. He had dined at the mess of another battalion, where the conversation had never wandered from the one topic of the Returned men. It was so puzzling : how did they come? Where did they come from?

"They must know what it feels like! It's ridiculous, a fellow who's supposed to be dead, coming back and knowing nothing about it!"

There was a long pause and then a subaltern who had said little until then remarked, "I did ask one of them, yesterday."

"Well, what did he say?"

" He didn't say anything. He just stared at me and then turned and ran as fast as he could—I had to send my batman to catch him. "

" You're perfectly right, " said another; " they have been questioned, regular third degree. But they won't answer. "

" Doesn't it occur to you that they can't ? "

" It's an impossible position. How the devil are we to maintain discipline ? One day you've got a man—the next day he's dead, you see him dead yourself, and then, perhaps, a week later in he walks! "

" What have the padres got to say about it ? "

" They're frightened, just like the rest of us. "

" Suppose it was your brother—suppose it was yourself ? "

The party broke up; the captain set out to walk back to his own quarters. It happened that no one else was going his way and he trudged along, feeling his way with the point of his stick. Away to the north a glow in the sky showed where the front line was and the sound of the guns came to him down the wind. He tried to hurry; he was nervous, uneasy; he tried to believe that it was due to his being tired, but all the time at the back of his mind was the thought—suppose I were to be one of them ?

The moon was rising and the wind, driving away the clouds, made it possible to see for a considerable distance. He was within ten minutes of his quarters when his attention was caught by a movement away to the right. He stopped and peered across, and he fancied that he saw a man lying on the ground and moving. Some fellow who had hurt his ankle, he thought to himself; or perhaps a stray drunk who had lost his bearings. And then the moon grew brighter, and he saw what was really there.

Kneeling down, with a forked twig of white wood between his fingers, was a man obviously unaware that

he was observed. He held up the twig, moving it from side to side and it seemed that it quivered. And there was something else, too, a dark, long object on the ground in front of the kneeling man. It moved, it sat up, raising its hands above its head and the watcher saw eyes, staring up into the moonlight. The twig bent till it was on the point of snapping and the man who held it rose to his feet, drawing with him the other, who stood swaying and looking from side to side.

The infantry captain was chilled with fear; he clutched his stick and watched with staring eyes.

"Here, you—I say——"

The sound of his own voice startled him, but it roused him to action. He ran towards the two figures. He caught a glimpse of the face of the man with the twig—a thin, pale face with great dark eyes.

"Here, come here——"

With surprising agility, the Stranger in turn took to a run. Across the broken ground he went and his pursuer soon realized that he was outdistanced. The running figure had been swallowed up in the darkness. When the captain returned to the track, the other was standing, as if he were waiting for him, and the captain took him by the arm and led him to the nearest huts.

"Who's this?" some one asked, as they came in.

The soldier made no reply and the captain noticed that his uniform was rotted with damp, his equipment was plastered with earth, its buckles green and corroded.

"Who is it, sir?"

"I don't know, I tell you. It's another one who's come back! I saw him—I saw them out there! I saw it happen. Take him along to the M.O. It's horrible—it's all wrong."

The Returned Man was gazing at him with sleepy eyes and he hurried from the hut. Outside the air was fresh and cool, but he seemed to feel everywhere earth

and damp and decay. He ran all the way to his own hut.

From that day men were set to watch for the Stranger, but he was elusive. Several times he was seen; once he walked across the market square of a town behind the lines in daylight, but no one there dared touch him. More than once he was fired at, and on at least two other occasions men looked on, fascinated, while he performed the ritual of the hazel twig, but they failed to catch him. It was as if he went surrounded by an invisible rampart.

All the time men were returning, pale, puzzled-looking men who were questioned and examined without result. Some one who had lived in Haiti, where they are reputed to raise up dead men to work in the fields, referred to them as the Zombies and the nickname stuck. Zombie Camp, it was called, where they were gathered.

By the end of a fortnight more than two hundred men were in that camp and the problem was how to dispose of them. Opinions were divided; one set wished to send them to their homes, the other said that the best thing would be to draft them back to their units. As an experiment, six of them were sent on leave; men selected because they were unmarried and had no near relatives, but one of them fell into the hands of newspaper men, with the result that the whole party had to be recalled, as a measure of protection from the hordes of people who tried to see them and speak to them. One was injured by members of an obscure religious sect, who attempted to drag him from the train, as he set out on the return journey. They all six came back as they had gone, listless, making no comments or complaints, and it was noticed that their comrades in Zombie Camp showed no interest at seeing them again.

And there the matter stood for a further week, during which men continued to return, though not in such great numbers as at first. The watch which was being kept

had begun to take effect, but G. H. Q. were uneasy; at any moment a series of attacks on a wide front were due and they felt that they could not trust the men. The result of the existence of the Returned had been to make the Army, not less, but more, fearful of death; the listless figures had been seen or talked about, and the fighting men were becoming infected with a dread of finding themselves among them. Better to die and have done with it, was the attitude. War was war, and if a man were killed—well, he had finished! There was something hideous in the prospect of being called back to walk among your comrades, feared, untouched—among them, but no longer of them.

The suggestion that the Returned should be drafted back to their units had met with ferocious opposition. It was impossible to ask men to go out and fight side by side with those who had already fallen. Nerves already strung to almost breaking point would not endure that!

For two days no cases of Returned had been reported; a feeling of relief arose; relief which was dispelled, however, by the news that three of the enemy's men, who had been lying in a shell hole, had stumbled into one of our trenches, bringing with them a message.

" Tell your commanders, " they said—and the officer to whom they spoke said they were obviously repeating words which had been carefully drilled into them—" Tell your commanders that we are the first of the enemy to return, but if they continue to persecute and pursue, we shall not be the last. The others, though, will not come to your lines; they will go back to their own people. "

The message was a threat from which there was no escape. It was as though the fate of the War had been snatched up by one man; in the magic of a twig of hazel lay the destiny of nations. The message was suppressed, but

many had seen the men come in and sharp wits were not slow to seize the import of the omen. To the Staff the continuation of the War came into question; morale was being undermined, hidden forces were working against them.

A fresh order went out. "At all costs he must be caught."

The General Commanding the Third Army was a grim, silent man, to whom war was the great interest of life. His attitude was impersonal, but when the news came that his son had died from wounds received in a bombing raid, he felt he had been unfairly treated.

Outwardly calm, he gave instructions for a car to be got ready in order that he might go to the place where his son was lying. He went alone, being driven rapidly over rutted roads into the teeth of a rising gale, and it was by chance that to him was reported the capture of the Man with the Hazel Twig.

The Man had been found asleep in the ruins of a farmhouse, lying on a pile of old sacking, the remains of a scanty meal at his side, the twig in his hand. When they woke him he looked up and smiled and, without saying a word, accompanied them outside. As they reached the road, the general drove by.

Looking up, the general saw two men holding the arms of a third, but what caught his eye was the forked scrap of wood which that third held. He stopped the car and walked over to the little group. The soldiers saluted.

"Got 'im at last, sir," one said, triumphantly.

For a space the general and the Stranger regarded each other, and the general saw that the eyes meeting his were quite ordinary; not the eyes of a fanatic or of a mystic, but those of a mere decent man. The mouth and chin were firm and clear-cut, even a stubble of beard did not disguise the air of breeding in the features.

In addition, there was, the general realized, an intense aliveness in the man, an ardent quality like a clear flame.

"Let me have that stick," the general said.

The Stranger shook his head, smiling.

"What use would it be to you?" he asked; "just a bit of peeled stick."

"Look here, my man——"

The throb of the waiting car carried by the rising wind reminded the general of the reason for his journey. He felt tired, unreasonably tired, as if all energy had been drained from him; and this queer fellow was standing smiling and clutching a bit of peeled stick—while his dead son was waiting for him.

"Look here, my man, you're coming with me. You're under arrest. Do you understand? You two men, give me your names and numbers; I'll see that you're not forgotten. Bring this fellow and put him in the car."

The Stranger made no resistance, as he was led to the car, in which he sat beside the general. He pulled his coat close round him, for the air was cold and they drove fast. For the first ten minutes neither of them spoke, and it was the Stranger who at last broke the silence.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked.

"I'm taking you somewhere where you can be useful."

Was it fancy or did the general catch the sound of a laugh? The wind and the roar of the car made it difficult to be sure.

"When you say useful, do you mean——?"

The Stranger made his meaning clear by holding out the twig and giving it a twist between finger and thumb.

"You think I believe all that nonsense?" said the general. He wanted to hurt, to taunt the man at his side; he wanted to goad him into explaining. He could not believe. It was impossible that this man could know how to call back the dead. And yet had he not himself

once seen a Brahmin breathe on a dead sparrow, which then opened its wings and flew away?

"I know that you want to believe it."

The voice was so gentle and at the same time so assured. The general became almost afraid of his passenger.

"You'll soon be able to prove your claim," he said, brusquely.

When they reached the hospital where the general's son was, they both went in. The appearance of the general's odd companion created a mild amusement. They passed into the small room in which the dead one lay. They gazed at the still face and in the father's heart there was a sudden leap of joy. If—if the thing were true, he could have a legion of unconquerable men whom nothing would ever destroy. In his fancy he saw them, a band of soldiers such as the world had never seen, impervious to death, destined to fall only to be brought back again to the fulness of life and energy. And his son would be one of them! They would fall, but the twig would be passed over their bodies. The simple ritual would do its work——

"Who is this young man?" the Stranger inquired.

"He is my son."

"And you have brought me to him, even though you say that you do not believe?"

The general put out a hand and touched the twig.

"You can show me, my friend."

He was aware of a searching glance which seemed to read deep into his thoughts, and he fancied he saw the ghost of a smile as the Stranger turned and bent over the form on the bed. The general watched, hardly breathing, conscious of the beating of his own heart.

The twig was moving with a rapid flickering, as it was passed from head to foot of the dead man. It bent; it arched itself; it twisted so that the grain of the wood stood open.

The figure on the bed was moving—it was like the first stirring of a waking sleeper. The Stranger glanced over his shoulder and his eyes were clouded and troubled.

"You want him back because you love him?"

"He is my only son."

"And you wish to give him back happiness—the wind and the rain and the sunlight and the years that were due to him?"

"Yes, and I wish to give him back his career—his work that is not finished——"

The Stranger had risen to his feet; he stood facing the general and his whole frame shuddered. Beads of sweat stood out on his brow.

"You mean that you would send him back again to kill?" he cried. "Are you so dull that you cannot understand? My work—my calling back—do you imagine it was ever meant for that? I tell you, if one of these men whom I have brought back is ever sent out to fight again, there will be——"

With a twist of his fingers he split the hazel fork, flinging the pieces to the floor. The two men stood, with set faces, watching each other; the figure on the bed lay still.

"If that is your fancy, I have finished!"

The Man turned towards the door, but the general seized him by the shoulder.

"Come back! Can't you realize—my son, my own son——"

He picked up the broken stick, thrusting the pieces into the other's hand, but the Stranger shook his head.

"Too late," he said, "the magic is broken!"

"You must, you must—I will promise you anything!"

"You have broken the magic because you could not understand."

Suddenly the general struck the Stranger full in the face.

From then on the Man was under close arrest. Orders

were given for hazel twigs to be brought to the general. In a country ravaged by war they went not plentiful, but a number were brought, and the general took them to the room in which the Stranger was confined. Listeners heard voices raised in dispute and when, later in the day, they took food to the prisoner, the floor of his cell was littered with fragments of stick.

The following day it became known that Zombie Camp was to be broken up. The news spread and at once it was asked what would be done with the Returned. Before long it became known that they had been formed into a separate force, which was being drilled and refitted under the General Commanding the Third Army.

The few who saw this force in training said that they moved with a horrible machine-like precision. Perfect soldiers, some one called them, but the prospect of their coming brought dismay to the men in the line.

" We'll never fight alongside of them! Poor things, they ought to be sent home. It isn't right—it isn't decent to think of putting them back in the trenches. "

Those were the words of a hard-bitten sergeant, and they summed up the general opinion. " Ghostisses " —" Nasty things "—" Them pore dead fellows "—so they were spoken of. Shut away in his prison, the Stranger was all but forgotten.

The Returned were brought up to the front one night, a long procession of lorries. There was little shelling in that sector and they reached their position without " casualties. " They waited, shuffling and whispering while an issue of rum was made. They drank in silence, standing in the mud of the trenches. Dawn was breaking when the general came to them and he brought with him the Stranger, holding him by the sleeve of his coat.

As the pair rounded a bend in the trench, they came to the first of the men, who drew themselves up and saluted with precision.

"Good fellows, glad to see you back here again!"

The general's tone was hearty; he wanted to sound encouraging. He could feel the Stranger's arm quivering as he held it. That was amusing. The fellow was afraid—afraid of his own handiwork!

"Good fellows—glad to see you back again——"

The words died on his lips, for all eyes were regarding him, and they were bright, steady eyes which seemed at the same time not to see him at all. And those out of sight all down the trench were all looking towards him too—he knew it somehow; all were looking through him, past him!

"Good fellows——"

The Stranger was pressing against him, forcing him to move on down the trench. The general tried to push back, but found he must go on and meet those eyes which stared with their remorseless, impersonal fixity.

What was happening? The soldiers were stirring, they were moving like sleepers waking, and they were whispering what he could not catch.

"Look here, we'll go back—back, I say!"

As the general said that, he made as if to turn, but the Stranger's slim body suddenly filled the whole width of the trench and the men, too, were closing in, moving up in a solid mass behind them. What were they whispering? Men ought not to whisper in the presence of officiers. He tried to pick out an officer of the Returned; in the half light he could not see one. The whispers became audible.

"Sending us back—he's sending us back—sending us back there to die again—to dieeeeeee——"

The voices rose and fell like the wind among trees. They must not—the enemy would overhear——

"Look here, you fellows——"

"He's sending us back—back—back——"

The voices were louder. The men too were moving,

a kind of energy stirred in them, an energy which was somehow directed against him—the general.

Then the Stranger spoke : " I warned you. Let them go before it is too late! "

Go? But where? They were all round him now; he could see them clawing at the sides of the trench as they struggled to peer at him and went on with their awful whispering. A mist had come with the rising sun, blotting out distance, shutting the general in a world of whispers and peering eyes. He wanted to shout, to fight his way clear of the Returned, and his sense of direction had left him. For the first time in his life the general knew panic. He dug his heels into the soft earth, struggling to stem the tide which was bearing him down.

" What is it you want? " he cried, desperately.

" Sending us back—back—back—— "

They could not, they would not hear! Indifferent to him, they continued their insensate chant of " Back, back, back! " From his pocket the general drew a twig of hazel and gave it to the Stranger.

" For God's sake, do something! "

There was a sound like thin laughter. The general saw the twig held aloft by a shaking hand, saw it twist and bend till it split and hung limp in the fingers which held it. At the same moment the men all began climbing, climbing out of the trench into the mist. And the general was taken up with them.

" Back—back—sending us back—— "

The air was alive with the word; the men were like birds which flew past, calling as they went. He was being carried along, stumbling, struggling, cursing. Whistles were blowing, lights were dancing in the mist; tangles of wire came clawing at his feet. He was swept along. And then shells came, screaming and smashing in deep reverberation. Flashes and bangs in all direc-

tions. And gas, coiling across the ground, mingled with the shreds of the mist.

"Back—back—back——"

A flicker of light on a hazel twig turned it from white to red——

"Back—he's sending us back—fellows—good fellows—my good fellows——!"

. . . . . .

Twelve hours later a statement was issued that, owing to the confusion consequent on a heavy morning mist, a party of our men had been destroyed by the fire of their own guns. The General Commanding the Third Army had fallen with them, but up to the present his body had not been recovered. An inquiry would be held.

JOSEPH GORDON MACLEOD

FORAY OF CENTAURS

ARRIVAL. — III. Temple Bar. *

Heoigh! avert the helmeted policemen. Heoigh!
Avert—adjure—avert—

Statue to statue stand
Eurytion the Centaur captain and
Theseus with marble arm upheld like antler of hart
In civic greeting,
Whose pink lips part entreating
A natural and lispèd monotone.
As if he were not city-god, but simple stone
Speaking as stone to stone. The mighty feet
Of Greater London, all at one to welcome
Foreign Princes, shift and patter
Like cattle trotting across Macadam roads.
" Hear, hear " at every other word the herd
Bellows in gaps of his breezes;
And the God seizes
The lulls to nod indulgently his head.
All he has said, he so implies,
Was what they might have said in his place :
And this being true, all applaud him
With claps and cries of approval,
As he stands like a man directing smug removal,
Seductive features lit, the while,
With a smile of greasy marble.

* The first canto appeared in the previous number of THIS QUARTER.

Meanwhile like automatic bands
Linotypes tap, for all posterity to sample,
A little written up, not much but ample,
Accompaniment keyed to the proper pitch,
Making record of the speech.
" There in the midst of London's busiest throng
They met, Centaur and God! and all along
Th' Historic Strand men normally reserved
Wept generously the tribute both deserved!!
How sweet a patient steed! " the comment ran
" A man half horse, and only half a man! "
And saw no difference proper to record
'Twixt Lapiths and these cousins from abroad.
The clicking mechanism in Theseus' throat
Cannot be heard : and only when some over-brimming note
Jars the steel
Needles conducting to the sound-box in his throat
Rasps he at all : but this they feel
Show how his sentiments are real.
Round him, entirely circular to the square
Offices and edifices of the street, group
Centaurs, uniformly white of flank and croup
And shoulders, sparkling with mica, bare
In the sun.

Press and hustle as sheep dogs round a usual pen
The Camera-men. Fatuous agents their cards press.
In and out the field-mice rustle
Their picked spoil from cuff to cuff.
Theseus, never speaking enough,
His head like a shop-window attraction
Newelling on neck in unrelaxed continuum
And arm with regular emphasis of pendulum
In the clockwork of the wind aswing, concludes, " These,
These are your new Hallows, O my people. " people,

Even as he ends, the Sun in a pink gas
Sets beyond Saint Clement Danes

And row by row like a school in chapel
In chains the street lamps light themselves
Suddenly swelling to corms, which
Almost as if controlled by a switch
Catching his hair, dapple
Him with a halo.

" The ghosts of the city" Eurytion screams
" A vigilant file of Polyphemes!
They show us they know us.
They guard us. With craft their
Organizations regard us. Their eyes
Balefully, their wise
Men hatefully search us, in bulkheads and jails to bestow us.
Chiron taught us. Chiron brought us.
Take us away. Take us out."
The white-lit circle breaks in a shout
And the mounted police up Chancery Lane
Clutch their batons; but, Chiron advancing,
The Centaurs stand and are quiet.
Now Chiron beneath his arm holding his city-dumb lyre,
Dull cinders of fire in disappointed eyes yet warm,
"No harm, no harm as yet," he avers :" for we do not lead,
We serve : we understand, not classify.
Pay you no heed
To seeming enemies in the teeming manifold eye!"

Curt upon his suavities Eurytion bursts, displaces.
" Serve, O Centaurs? Why, when we are born with
To lead? strength and speed
Shall these intimidate us? attack! and then return
To the ardour of sun-worship and the ease of sunburn."
And there's a gap in his stone congregation
Like grass slopes in chalk cliffs where broken faces
Disunion having threatened, lie, rejoined
Beneath capillary scalps.
Then the lights projecting London on the clouds

Glow in the easy smiles of the god's graces.
Who bows obediently towards the crowds.
" You are our Hallows : all else is ghosts. "
His well oiled mechanism revolves :
" You may make good whatever boasts
The blast of such primeval force resolves;
We are so honoured " : Whereat, a strange plant from earth,
The Centaurs group, arm on shoulder, girth to girth.

Mark how the lobed leaves fold upon the croups,
In withers what strange double drupes
Bulge, the knees like nodes upon the stem,
Rigid and supple, both, to lower them,
Succulent muscles all, and hispid bone,
In one morphology of vision thrown :
Or like a cairn of tumbled rocks up-heaped
That bumped down mountain corries, leaped
One on another, sepulchre to naught
But the crass accident that cut them short :
So they foregather, so they group and twine
Mass upon mass and line in under line,
And poised in odd nobility await
Impact of heart's drive or decree of fate.

But Eurytion, trapped,
Clutches the proffered hour, cries " We,
We are your gods, O Lapithae. "
Again suave Theseus bows :
At the base of his occiput a coil of wire rolls
Endoctrinated with fluid gesture and salaam :
To Heracles connects, Lord of the Lapith world,
Smirking in the window of a high block of chambers,
Listening to the sixpenny click of the turnstiles,
Dictating, his hands on the controls,
Slightly swaying, like one that drives a tram.

But Chiron, firm in belief

Caresses the strings of his city-dumb lyre
Till it spangles the two-minute silence, and briefly
Haunts like a wind in a telegraph wire
Hollow :

" Apollo, rise Apollo...
Roundly rise in the teeming air to
Dissolve the gossamer pallets swung
From blade to blade of the seedling grasses.
Let no more the indigo night
Shelter the rite we are come to follow :
Raise, red sphere, your splashing thistle
Over hedge of chimney-pots
And elmspires and phone-wires,
Whither the yellow bees may blend,
Apollo Lord of the lyre and
Lord of the dawn,
Sunlight with dividend."

ISABEL WYATT

THE DEATH WATCH

Luke stared at the death trap. Sounds drifted in to him : Martin crossing the courtyard, Martin whistling as he saddled his horse, Martin galloping along the drive away to love and Nancy; and still Luke stared at the death trap.

Death was waiting in this disused dairy for Martin's return. The great worm-eaten beam had so slight a hold upon the ceiling that it still quivered from his careless banging of the door. When to-night he thrust his riding whip into its place above it, the frail supports would crumble, the ponderous mass of wood would crash, would crush the man standing beneath.

Many, many times had Luke warned him. What if to-night he failed to warn him ?

Luke shivered. The dairy seemed chill with evil. Its silence was thronged with presences which whispered wickedly to a heart where hate and resentment, grief and despair, were festering. He stepped swiftly backwards and closed the door upon them.

The kitchen welcomed him in with its wonted busy cheerfulness. Sticks snapped in the fire; the grandfather clock ticked steadily. He held his hands to the blaze, then laid his warmed fingers caressingly upon the clock-case, worm-eaten as was everything else in this old farm-house.

" A clock's company," he thought.

Listening still to its grave gossip, he looked out through the window flowers. The April afternoon was failing; but the air was still close with the threat of thunder, made closer by the heavy sweetness of the early bean blossom. Laden bees were homing from the apple bloom; rooks were flying over the furrows, so sleek and silver in the sun that they seemed to have wet wings. A butterfly clinging to the stone mullion seemed but a torn leaf lying there—black, shapeless, ragged-edged—till it spread wings like a patterned rainbow and sunned them tremulously. Bitterly Luke watched them all. Birds and bees and butterflies were free of the farm; but he, who loved it with a love approaching the fanatic, he must leave it, and for a woman's whim.

The atmosphere of the kitchen changed. The whispering presences had carried it. *Need* he leave? If he failed to warn Martin....

Above his thoughts rose the busy hammering of the clock, persistent, regular. Every second it sounded was the driving of a nail into a coffin—Martin's coffin.

Luke groped his way to a chair and tried to grapple with his mood. Though he was bleeding from the cruel spur of circumstance, though heat was in his heart and a fury of despair was burning in his brain, yet scruple still stirred in him.

"Ah," he thought wearily, "if my father had but wed my mother, there'd have been nothing of all this woe."

His mind drifted back to his early childhood, spent alone with that pale, silent mother. His first memory was of her weeping when Farmer Vearncombe married a young and pretty wife of gentle blood. He had crept into her arms and with a babe's facility had wept in sympathy until she had dried her own tears to comfort his. She had wept again when little Martin Vearncombe was born; but this time Luke had not wept with her, for he was a whole year older. Instead he had sucked his thumb and looked at her and wondered gravely why she

made that noise—wondered, too, why she had suddenly promised to marry the peat-cutter after refusing him for so long. One thing he had always realized, and this was that the great Farmer Vearncombe was to his mother a hero, a demi-god; and very soon he had become the same to him. Each time they met him, and he spoke so kindly and a little wistfully to his mother and patted the child's head and put a shilling in his hand, Luke's devotion grew. So, when it happened that a village crone maliciously enlightened him as to their relationship, there was no resentment in the boy's mind. The only result of the revelation was the development of Luke's curious passion of service for the Vearncombe lands, a passion which had grown with the years until it was now the master sentiment of his life. He could still remember how in those tender years he had stubbed his fingers plucking grass from the farm droves and keeping free from stones the farmer's favourite paths across his fields.

Luke sighed himself back into the present; and abruptly the ticking of the clock invaded his consciousness. Time halted as if crippled; with one step firm, one faltering, it led him away through the years again to that first crisis of his life.

He was a growing youth, toiling all day in the turf-moors with the peat-cutter, working with worshipping hands all the evening in secluded corners of the farm, when one morning Farmer Vearncombe came to the cottage. His blanched face would have seemed white with weariness but for the pinprick of red rage upon each cheek bone. Luke was stacking turves in the linhay, and his mother called to him to open the door, for her hands were wet and stained with the potatoes she was peeling. When the farmer entered with outstretched hand she blushed and slipped her own beneath her canvas apron; but he drew it gently out and took it, dirty and dripping as it was, between his own, and so stood gazing in grave silence at mother and son.

" I've finished with Martin," he said presently, and indeed the village had often predicted that this would be the outcome of the frequent quarrels at the farm. "While his mother lived she kept him within bounds; but now he is impossible to live with. Mary, let me have Luke. I've all these years of wrong and neglect to make up to him. He loves the farm as much as Martin hates it; and I promise he shall have it when I die."

" You'll not—take—Martin's birthright from 'en?" she stammered, incredulous.

" It's not Martin's, it's Luke's," he said sternly. " And Martin has his mother's money to waste his spendthrift ways. Give me back my firstborn, Mary."

She changed from white to red and back to white.

" If he wills to come," she whispered huskily, " I'll not be staying him."

Then Luke's heart leaped, and his face was aflame with eagerness.

" If I may still see mother every whip's while," he cried with thrilling voice, " there's nothing in the wordle I'm so fain of."

So, through the langorous blue and gold of a summer forenoon, Luke went away to heaven. For the season's round of ploughing, sowing, reaping, cropping, threshing, which to Martin had been hell, was highest heaven to him. He worked like ten men, giving himself in service of the land he loved, watching it, tending it, learning its ways.

" Ah, a new broom," Farmer Vearncombe had thought at first; but as the years went on and Luke grew to man's estate, the care and energy never lessened, but rather, aided by increasing skill, went from power to power. Here was an heir to gladden any farmer's heart.

They were years of bliss without alloy to Luke; and when Nancy Lissant, the village beauty, smiled on him, it seemed to him he had scaled joy's giddiest heights. He never could cease marvelling at the rose and cream of her skin, delicately veined like a sweet pea petal, at her hair

which went lapping like a flame about her. Only that rapacious narrowing of the eyes spoilt her comeliness, and in those days he did not heed it. Now—ah, now he had paid with his heart's blood for the knowledge of its meaning.

The memory of her treachery drove him from his chair; and he paced the room in an anguish no less keen now in resuscitation than in its first barbed moments. She, lying at this moment in Martin's arms while they arranged the details of their wedding, oh, she should taste the agony she had made him suffer when Martin should be lying dead, as soon he would, beneath the fallen beam. Why did time tarry so? Its heart-beats filled the room, slow and precise above the rapid tumult of his own. He stared in impotent impatience at the great painted dial, over which the longer of the golden arrows moved stagnantly in puny jerks and the shorter one moved not at all. The seconds dallied; the minutes stumbled with fettered feet round the fragmentary arc to the next numeral, and cowered there as at a whipping post.

The room grew curiously dark, and Luke turned again to the window: north, south, and east, there was nothing but grey. Sky and horizon and far hills were blotted out with menacing mist. It was as if some doom were closing in upon the world. The light that lay upon the land seemed dead. Only the west was bright, and that with a pulsating radiance which made Luke tremble. For the west was like the dawn of Judgement Day. White clouds lay there in crowding banks on a white skyline so glaring that it took the sight from his eyes as snow-blindness might. The sun, poised for setting, was like a pale gold heart to it all.

Watching, wondering, Luke scratched nervously at the panelling, and a worm-eaten patch began to crumble beneath his fingers. That dust, as if it were charmed, carried him back to his exodus from heaven. It was just such an action as this which had wakened him, in those

far, happy days, to the realization that the farmhouse was ridden with wood-worm. He had taken Farmer Vearncombe on a tour of wainscoting and furniture, pointing out the multitudinous tiny holes and the little heaps of yellow dust.

"Bless my soul, yes," the farmer had exclaimed. "We've got the worm badly, Luke. The first wet day we have, we'll go all over house with plaster of Paris and fill up the holes."

Working a week later in the rickyard, Luke had heard a crash in the near barn and rushed in to find Farmer Vearncombe lying like a sawdust doll, broken-bodied, hurt beyond all aid by his fall through a rotted patch in the floor of the loft.

"I've put if off too long, my boy. Too long," were his last whispered words.

As Luke remembered now, the next day it had rained.

But when the time came for the reading of the will, he saw another meaning in those last regretful words. For there was no will. Vigorous, in the prime of life, robust of health, Farmer Vearncombe had seen no reason to prepare yet for death. There had been half a life-time yet before him in which to carry out his promise to Luke's mother.

So Martin returned and took possession of the farm; and his return set all the village fluttering. For he brought back fine London clothes, and fine London ways; and his curly head and handsome face and polished manner and careless grace turned every maiden's heart to water. He knew how to woo with gallantry and spend money with a flourish; and his was that resistless charm of manner which the prodigal has time to cultivate while honest men are working.

"The old man died just luckily for me," he confided to Luke, "for I haven't a penny of my mother's money left. My gain is your loss, I understand. Now, do stay on and manage the farm, for I don't know corn from

clover, nor do I mean to learn. But I'll tell you what I'll do : I'll make a will leaving the farm to you in the event of my not marrying; and not in my father's fashion, either. "

The will was made and signed; but it meant little to Luke. He was the elder of the two, and the more strenuous living; and in any case Martin would certainly marry. His passion was to own the land by serving it; if he had ever wished to be the master of the farm, it was only that he might become its better servant.

So happily, lovingly, skilfully, Luke went on with the farming, puzzled and pained that Martin should spend so little on it and expect so much back; but contriving, by superb management, to satisfy even his extortionate demands. Money flowed like water through Martin's long white hands; and ever he dipped them again into the farm as into a river that never could run dry. And still Luke kept the farm lands thriving and the bartons and stalls well filled; and only the farmhouse stood like a steadily rotting core to all this prosperity.

For Martin had laughed when Luke had suggested that the wood-work be repaired.

" A few beetles more or less will be no matter," he had answered.

Luke had persisted, offering to do the work and bear the cost himself.

" You've maggots in your mind," Martin had returned, determined not to be moved.

Luke had been dogged; and Martin, from being amused, had hardened to doggedness also.

" Have done," he had exclaimed. " I'm weary of your bugs."

And, his patience worn to a thread when Luke again brought up the matter.

" Luke, you forget your position here. I will not hear another word, you understand ?"

Luke had not spoken another word; but he had put a

newspaper into Martin's hand and pointed to a paragraph :

" The roof of Westminster Hall has been rendered unsafe by the ravages of wood-worm, the larva of the Death Watch Beetle (*Xestobium rufovillosum*), which eats its way along the wood...."

Martin had read no further; but with a look of withering contempt had risen and passed out to ride.

Luke had started work with plaster of Paris in the disused dairy when he returned.

" Luke," he had said, his eyes narrowed, all charm of manner dropped. " I am master here. You will please do my bidding. This woodwork is not to be touched until I decide."

And in swaggering bravado he had thrust his whip over the beam.

That Martin should own the land he himself loved had not seemed to Luke a thing beyond forgiveness. But that Martin should obstinately let the old house perish, that Martin should bleed the farm to pay for his own petty pleasures, these were things which planted a cancer of hate in his mind. It was like seeing a woman he adored neglected and ill-treated by a brute who owned but did not love her.

And then there had come the defection of Nancy——

Luke started from the window, remembering that, and made as if to pace the room again. But the paralysis of anger was upon his limbs; heat rigour kept him motionless. The sun had gone down now and the white light had faded; the air was shivering as at the passing of some dread and radiant presence. The clouds had reddened with promise of storm, but they no longer held a hint of the awful and unearthly. It was as though Doomsday had been imminent, and the trumpet poised to sound the blasting note; and the moment had passed, and the universe rolled on.

It had seemed like that to Luke when he had seen Nancy as she really was, when he had looked with unhooded eyes

upon her greed-flawed beauty. He had gone to her in her garden, thinking as he went along the path what a thing of loveliness her hair was: rust-coloured in the shadow, in the sunlight bursting into little flames. He had opened his arms as he approached, and she had stood motionless; and it was only when he drew close that he saw that her face was cold and her eyes held the glint of ice.

"What is it then, Nancy?" he had questioned, setting his hands on her shoulders; and she had shaken herself free and cried imperiously,

"I'll thank you to keep your hands off I. And I'll thank you to call me Miss Lissant from now on."

"But—I thought you—liked I a little."

"Well, I like some one else a mort more."

Her tone had stabbed him to realization.

"You mean—you've changed your mind about being tokened?"

"I mean I'll soon be tokened to a better man than you." She flung the sentence at him like a spear. "Do you think I'll wed with you, a come-by-chance, an upstart, a penniless working man, when a gentleman like Martin Vearncombe comes a-courting I?"

Martin again—Martin the robber, the usurper, at every turn! Luke shook like a wave, remembering it all, remembering above everything to-day's last overwhelming blow. For as Martin took down his whip he had turned on the doorstep to remark urbanely,

"I shall be sorry to lose you, Luke, but it's like this: I'm marrying Nancy next month and she can't abide the thought of you about the place. So kindly take a month's notice from to-day."

And he had gone whistling across to the stable and the door had banged behind him and the beam had quivered and Luke had stared at the death-trap—the death-trap of which he had so often warned him. Ah, but would he warn him to-night?

" May I be damned if I do!" muttered Luke between clenched teeth.

Dusk was gathering at the window and wavering shadows thronged in the corners of the room. Luke put a spill to the fire and lit a candle. The halo it shed upon the table made the further reaches of the kitchen darker. The painted dial glimmered pale as a new risen star in the gloom.

His resolve taken, Luke sat squarely in the fireside chair. He would not stir from here till all was over. Martin would be returning now at any moment. The sounds of his horse-hoofs on the drove would mingle like echoes with those of the clock as it ticked out his death knell; he would hum in the stable, and whistle as he strode across the courtyard, and open the dairy door with a laugh upon his lips. There would be a crash, a moan, perhaps; then a great stillness; and all old scores would be wiped away and the farm would be Luke's to love and to serve for ever. None would blame him for the accident, for the farm hands had heard him warn Martin countless times and who among them would know of this last withheld warning?

How loudly the clock ticked! It would surely drown all sound of Martin's coming.

Luke rose and opened the door of the clock-case, groped for the heavy iron pendulum and stilled it. Abruptly a deaf abyss yawned and swallowed him. Time stood still; and as at a signal in all that muted room there seemed nothing left to hear. The air was dumb; the night was noiseless; nothing stirred. The very fire burned silently. The heart of the world had ceased to beat. Just so would Martin's, presently—cease abruptly as a stilled clock.

Tick tock! Tick tock! Was that the rhythm of hoof-beats on the drove? No: it came from nearer—it came from within the room—*it came from within the clock!* The sound smote Luke into a statue: how could

he have failed to still the pendulum? Trembling with he knew not what wild surmise, he stole a stealthy hand inside among the weights, praying that he might feel the regular bump of the swaying iron slab. But it hung there cold and motionless, as if held in charmed suspense in that dark cavern with its ceaseless two-toned pulse.

Terror shook Luke. He fell back, with knees wincing at each reluctant step, and stared into the dial, the hand which held the candle fluttering till the draught made pennons of the flame. Like one entranced he stared, heedless of the clatter of hoofs on the flagstones and Martin's voice in the stable. His hair lifted with horror, the sweat of panic dripped into his eyes, his heart pounded as furiously as ever did distraught captive on cell door. For the fingers of the clock were frozen; not a hair's breadth did either of the golden arrows move; yet all the time came that sepulchral palpitation.

The door of the harness room banged; and out of his ague of fright a great calm came upon Luke. Surely this was a sign? As the dire sky had borne a lily, as the butterfly's ragged wings had turned to rainbows, a sudden high purpose blossomed out of his dark designs. He staggered to the dairy, his eyes holding courage like a fire, and reached it to see Martin entering, whip poised to thrust above the beam.

"Bide, Martin, where you be!" he thundered, rushing forward.

The draught blew out his candle and slammed the inner door, there was a gigantic crash and a quiet moan, and then nothing more.

"Luke! Luke! What is it?" shouted Martin, aghast on the threshold.

But there was no answer. The dark dairy was as quiet as a grave.

The firelit kitchen was as silent. The ticking in the clock had ceased abruptly, for the Death Watch Beetle had come at his mate's love-call.

Drawing by W. H. Johnson

RUTH PEACOCK

THE OLD LADY STAYS ON

the old lady stays on
she says she doesn't mean to
stay on still she stays
much longer than one usually
stays she must have
an idea in her head
does she think they are numbered
the rooms where I will stay
limited the chairs on which I
sit if I stay in one place
rather long very long
so much will be gained against
death we are bored
she stays on so long
thinks she death will be
bored and forget if
that's why she stays on
so much longer than one
usually stays I wish she would
go ON

RUTH PEACOCK

TIN BOX

tin box oh naive astonishment

tin box is Père Lachaise for sardines cool cellar for Huntley and Palmer

at sea bottom tin box is treasure shrimp's bazaar whale's tooth filling inquisition for jelly fish and trusting open bodied oyster

tin box kicked down hill is orchestra kaleidescope cinematograph halleluiah review

tin box unkicked is smug asylum tin box kicked is wandering jew

mob of tin boxes give picturesque glow interesting melancholy local colour to slum ghetto suburb garbage heap

tin boxes are jewels left behind to gladden the path the great glorious army has trod

tin box is the cobbler's help and the leper's drinking cup

RUTH PEACOCK

BETRAYAL

here is one who will not say it
nor put the full dishes before you
there will be no pictures on the wall to guide you
no flame on the hearth
but one who will move in the cold room listening
to the stiff fiddle-stick of your voice
on words that twang
shuffle
and scrape
grunt on the cat-gut strings
and whisper
crack like steel whips splintering dust
steel for a sword-dance
pine for a fire
spice for the dark taste of a place

sabre and spearhead and tight-feathered arrow
made hollows for hunger
for blood
and frenzy
The flesh of no night was enough to fill you
not black nor rich enough on the palate
and now is hunger a dead hawk, a broken wing in the fingers
with a food to fill you
a wind to split you like foam in the hand

T. O. BEACHCROFT

MOCKADO, FUSTIAN AND MOTLEY

In the horned hoof of huge Bucephalus
Time turned about and showed me yesterday.

JOHN TAYLOR, the Water Poet.

In Elizabethan times, as is now generally agreed, it must have been easier to wear the poetic robe. There was a supply, then, of velvets, silks, brocades, galloons, ermine and cloth of gold. It is in later days that these statelier fabrics have been worn through and poets forced rather to wear motley in their brain.

Supposing, however, you were an Elizabethan minor poet, and a self-doubting one : one that questioned his capacity for the caparisons of glory. Might you not then come to some of those very shifts that are characteristically modern ? Might not, for instance, John Taylor, the Water Poet, with a special knack for the fantastic and a limited gift for majesty, write in the characteristic manner of the Sitwells ?

One standard work of reference dismisses the whole of Taylor's work as " vile and worthless. " But Hazlitt and Southey both found him worth at least scanning and mentioning. And perhaps he may gain in interest by being made to typify the possibilities of the resemblance between " Sitwellism " and the Elizabethans.

That such a resemblance exists is, of course, not news. It is well known that the Sitwells have a pretty taste in the undercurrents of Elizabethan literature. There is a strain in Marlowe, Peele and others, on which they have drawn for some of the materials of their own " Paradis

Artificiel." Taylor, however, is a good subject to exemplify the resemblance, because he carries the matter further than most, in principle if not in quality. It is one thing for those passages in the Sitwells, that stand for their own traditional element, to be reminiscent of the Elizabethans; another for an Elizabethan poet to be reminiscent of some of the more developed features of Sitwellism.

Take a passage from, say, Marlowe, in which the looser and fairly familiar resemblance is to be found. These well-known lines are quoted by Mégroz in his book on *The Three Sitwells*, to illustrate their affinity with the Elizabethan fantastic vein :

> *And in the day when he shall walk abroad,*
> *Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;*
> *My men like satyrs grazing on the lawns*
> *Shall with their goat feet dance the antic hay.*

But compare the whole flavour of this passage with a single line from Edith Sitwell :

> *King Pompey the Emperor's ape,*

and a difference is obvious. This figure is a monstrous intrusion on Marlowe's world. There is something in the very principle of its conception that distinguishes it from Marlowe's fantasy in a characteristic and now familiar way.

In this line two of the distinctive elements of Sitwellian imagery are at work. The first could be described as the *sinking element :* the reduction of the majestic to a toy-like or menagerie level. And the second is the *mixing element :* the free association of familiar ideas in laughably unexpected connexions. You have here, for instance, *King* Pompey to begin with : Pompey the *ape* to go on with : the *Emperor's* ape, and *said* the ape, for the finish.

Many of the characters in Edith Sitwell's poetry are

cast in this highly distinctive and specialized manner, and so are the pranks they play. For instance :

Watched the courses of the breaker's rocking houses, and with Glaucis,
Lady Venus on the settee of the horsehair sea,
Where Lord Tennyson in laurels wrote a gloria free,
In a borealic iceberg came Victoria; she,

and so on. Or take a scene far simpler, yet again distinctly Sitwellian :

The countess sits and plays fantan
Beneath the portrait of great Queen Anne.

If you want to see similar people cutting similar capers, put beside those this passage from Taylor :

Sweet semi-circled Cynthia played at Maw
The while Endymion ran the wild goosechase.
Great Bacchus with his horsebow killed a daw,
And sullen Saturn smiled with pleasant face,
The ninefold bugbears of the Caspian lake
Sat whistling ebon hornpipes to their ducks.
Meantime great Sultan Soliman was born
And Atlas blew his rustic rumbling horn.

It is not an exact similarity that strikes one, but a similar flavour. Every image in this passage is formed on the two principles of reduction and mixing, that are the Sitwells' especial, though of course not exclusive, property. And unlike the passage from Marlowe, this is the very land where King Pompey the Emperor's ape would be on home ground. The very land described in such a couplet of Edith Sitwell's as this :

Where walked great Jupiter and like a peasant
Shot the partridge, grouse and hare and pheasant

where the oddest conclusion from Edith Sitwell

my friend King Pharoah's head
That nodding blew out of the Pyramid

would make an image in complete harmony.

Of course Taylor is not so resourceful or so subtle in his reduction and free association as Edith Sitwell. And of course he cannot bring on to the stage such characters as Queen Victoria and Lord Tennyson. But then Edith Sitwell just as often plays the same game with classical people. Lady Venus, Sultan Soliman, the King of Ethiopsland, Knights of Troy, Queen Circe the farmer's wife, Bacchus with his horsebow, Jupiter like a peasant —here is a set of unlikely maskers, all of the same genealogy, taken at random from Taylor and Edith Sitwell, and one or two from both. The whole family seems to descend from that delightfully improbable association of medieval days, "Dan Cupid." The main point of the resemblance is that Taylor's taste for imagery should have prompted him consciously to work out these fanciful mixtures that have appealed especially to the latter-day taste of the Sitwells.

Turn, however, from the people to the stage setting. For Taylor's landscape also has unexpected resemblances to that material and buckram-made scenery, which is generally thought peculiar to the Sitwells. Edith Sitwell herself has analysed this landscape for us, with its

> *Clouds so low hung they seem nothing*
> *but potting sheds to the no longer disastrous sky.*

This is a state of vision which gives the distinguishing mark to many Sitwellian images. A typical picture is that one describing some childish games of the no longer majestic sun :

> *Thus all the April at Bo-Peep he played.*

That line, however, is one of Taylor's. Here is another image of his from the same landscape :

> *Woolsacke seeming clouds are bursting full,*

a species of stuff cumulus that the merest nodding acquaintance with the Sitwells will recognize.

Again when Taylor describes a ship as

Then cutting further through the marble main

it was surely heading for that land bounded on the far side by Edith Sitwell's

Smooth black lacquer sea

where you would also find "muslin clouds" and "cotton night-cap trees" likewise supplied by Edith Sitwell.

These are all slight things. Yet do many other poets, even the other minor Elizabethans whose resemblance to the Sitwells has been noticed, provide you in turning over a page or two, with solid water, material clouds and other sublime objects of nature playing childish games—all three of which are among the most characteristic features of Sitwell land?

From the passages of Taylor's so far quoted one major difference appears. While Taylor shows a gift and taste for the same pictures and pregnant kind of nonsensical fantasy as Edith Sitwell has, he misses much of the spirit of her fantasy through lack of equally fantastic rhythm and rhyming. In Edith Sitwell's poetry strangely tinkling associations of sound are always playing into the hands of free associations of imagery.

But Taylor, while content with humdrum rhythms for the most part, does also try his hand at this modern kind of sound and sense chiming. Like a good many Elizabethan writers, he shows in prose that he has the taste for it, in such phraseology as

Not doubting but the fluent secundity of your wisdom's profundity in your heads' rotundity,

and so on.

This sort of thing, it is true, can be found on every page almost of the Marprelate Tracts, in Nashe, and in others. Yet carry this little rhythmical motif in your

head and you will find exactly the same one on nearly every page of *Facade* :

Said Il Magnifico
Pulling a fico

or

Came the great Popinjay
Smelling his nosegay

or

Said the Noctambulo
Turning his folio,

Here then is the same ingredient with each. To compare two longer passages, this is how it works out in Edith Sitwell :

The winds bastinado
Whipt on the calico
Skin of the macaroon
And the black Picaroon
Beneath the galloon
Of the midnight sky
Came the great Soldan
In his Sedan
Floating his fan....
Said Il Magnifico
Pulling a fico
With a stocado
And a gambado....

One might say that the task of matching anything so completely Sitwellian as that with the Elizabethans was ridiculous. Here is a stanza from Taylor :

Yet all their talk is
Bastinado
Strong Armado
Hot scalado
Smoaking
Trinidado
of Canusado
Pallisado
of the secret
Ambuscado
Boasting with
Bravado

Once again Taylor has, of course, less skill, less subtlety than Edith Sitwell.

Of course, other Elizabethans wrote ragamuffin verse. Yet this is not exactly ragamuffin verse : it is eccentric verse with quite a high polish. And the resemblance lies not only in general principles of poetic harlequinade, but in actual details : the line and word spacing; the amused use of mock Italian words. Just as Edith Sitwell rolls a rococo Italianate landscape round her palate, John Taylor rolls a rococo Italianate Englishman round his. Once again it is a matter of a common taste in absurdity. As for rhythmical experiment, if that needs any comment at all, it is surely the same spirit that prompted Edith Sitwell to write the lines quoted higher up in the jigging rhythm of a horn-pipe, and moved Taylor to tell us of himself,

> *Methinks moriscoes are within my brains*
> *And jigs and antics run through all my veins.*

That would seem to apply equally to Edith Sitwell.

These resemblances of fanciful images, of people, and metres apply mostly to Edith Sitwell. There is another vein of fantasy not quite so heightened and individual, yet distinctive enough, which belongs in particular to Sacheverell. That is the *Dr. Donne and Gargantua* strain. It is a similar mixing and reducing carried out with more nebulous ideas, as well as with brilliant images. It exhibits a vaguer region, a mixture of philosophy with masquerade. In it giants of the world of serious thought tumble about in the clouds, scramble over roofs, clatter up the street and disappear into the stars again. It is a world which, treated majestically, might become Milton's interstellar chaos, but treated in this style of fancy was, one would have said, characteristic only of this poet. Such a poem as Butler's *Hudibras*, which is something similar in purpose, shows at least how this kind of satire of ideas more usually works out in style.

Recall the *mise-en-scène* of Dr. Donne and Gargantua

as they rollick along in their metaphysical steeplechase. Recall the subject of the wager : that Donne shall catch a meteor before Gargantua gets a mandrake in the family way. Compare all this for such resemblances and differences as it has with a mock metaphysical poem of Taylor's called : *Sir Gregory Nonsense his News from No Place* :

Mann'd with Flap Dragons drinking upsy freeze
They passed the purple gulf of Basingstoke.
This being finished search to an end
A full odd number of just sixteen days.
Drenched in a sulphur flame of scalding ice
Sung the Besonian whirlpools of Argeire
Mixed with pragmatical potato pies.

Notice the variation of diet from upsy freeze to potato pies. Now see Dr. Donne and Gargantua at the threshold of their exploits :

Shall arrowroot and Bengers food
Furnish us exploits for our mood?
The mandrake and the witch's Sabbath
May yield more fruitful aftermath.
Gargantua and Dr. Donne
Swallowed their pills like other folk;
They laid a wager, neither won,
Yet neither underwent the yoke.

Dr. Donne by the way also became rather a favourite figurehead of Taylor's. That, however, is a very general symptom.

Is there much of this sort of thing in the minor Elizabethans? Are there plenty of satirical poems as rich in bizarre fantasy as this one? Perhaps there are. Taylor, however, will do well enough to typify them. For a further taste of his quality, this perhaps is interesting enough, on its own account, apart from any resemblances it may or may not be thought to have :

Thus with a dialogue of crimson starch,
I was inflamed with a mum cold fire.
Upon the tenterhookes of Charlemaine
The dogstar howled, the cat-a-mountaine smiled
And Sisyphus drank muscatel and eggs.
In the horned hoof of huge Bucephalus
Time turned about and showed me yesterday.

The chief differences of Taylor's imagery from that of the Sitwell's are obvious. He never seems to carry his free associations to the point of mixing different sense-perceptions. There is nothing in his words to correspond to the well-known "shrill green," "sour snow" and "creaking light" element of the Sitwells. The magic garden delicacy is missing too; the moon-drenched deep-night fancies are found in all three, but more especially perhaps in the prose descriptions of Osbert and Sacheverell.

In fact, Taylor had only begun to do something that the Sitwells have worked out fully against a background of considerably more personal culture and three additional centuries. But readers will perhaps be sufficiently curious to hear some further details of Taylor, and to judge for themselves how far it is possible that there could have been the germ of any intention in his poetry corresponding to the Sitwell's modernism.

Taylor was born from humble stock in 1580. Strictly speaking, he was perhaps more Jacobean than Elizabethan, but there seems a certain rumbustical flavour about him that makes one think of him as Elizabethan. He received some summary education at the nearest grammar school. He was no scholar and tells us that he got "mixed in his Latin accidence" and quite fogged before he "passed from 'possum to potest.'" He then took (or was pressed) to the sea. He was present at the siege of Cadiz in 1596. He made altogether sixteen voyages, seven of which were in the Queen's service.

About 1608 or 1609 he was settled in London as a Thames waterman, and was characterized by what his contemporaries called "a brisk and merry disposition." In more modern terms, he was a most engaging eccentric. He was always up to some laughable adventure, and he specialized in the mock heroic. Once for a bet he rowed himself from London to Queenborough in Kent in a paper boat, his oars being made of two stockfish tied to light

canes. Half London turned out to see him off and he actually made the voyage, which is more than can be said for most modern publicity seekers.

Meanwhile he was developing an equally irrepressible taste for broadsides and poems, which poured from him in an amazing quantity. The list of his works fills several pages in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Again, his speciality was mock heroic. He had a particular love for baiting Thomas Coryat, the author of *Coryat's Crudities*, whose travel exploits he considered rather small beer and very much overwritten. But he was always ready to celebrate in verse the marriages, births or deaths of any families who would pay him for poems. And from time to time he would perform various fantastic wagers and write accounts of his adventures.

In this way be became a notorious and for the most part much appreciated man. People of many classes began to know him; Dekker Rowlandson and Ben Jonson gave him some degree of encouragement and help, though Jonson was rather nervous that Taylor might turn him to ridicule.

By 1630 a collected volume of his works was out and he was known as the Water Poet. During a bout of plague in 1625 he went to Oxford and was there again during the Rebellion. At Oxford he made an impression as an original character. He kept an inn in the town, where his bluff vein of humour and "brisk conversation" seem to have been prized. After the Civil War he came back to London and finished his life as host of the Crown Inn, Phenix Alley.

A man of this temper and life must, it will be agreed, differ in many ways in the written word from the Sitwells. And for the most part of course he does. A large amount of Taylor's writing is straightforward prose and bustling doggerel verse. At the worst, vulgarly coarse and dull; and at the best breezy comments on contemporary life

marked by enthusiasm and the right touch for simple effect, with the fantastic vein lurking in the background.

It is at occasional moments only that Taylor seems to deviate wholeheartedly into his more interesting fantasy. It is as if he gathered up all his taste for the fantastic and produced it in a form so concentrated that it appears to crystallize the possibility of a poet, which is diffused throughout his personality and the bulk of his writings. It may possibly be of interest to suggest a speculative analysis of how this likeness in difference arises : and to see if there could be any psychological resemblance behind the writing.

In the first place, Taylor writes in his way mainly when he is satirizing : and not satirizing people or events in the usual way, but satirizing the poetic imagery or the ideas of others, which he feels to be unsatisfactory. There is a note of parody in it—yet Taylor does not seem to lose sight of the value of the images for their own sake.

This unusual position is also that of the Sitwells. One of the ingredients of their most characteristic images is this note of parody on the unsatisfactory poetic images of the immediate past. One may therefore say that Edith Sitwell's

> *Where walked great Jupiter and like a peasant*
> *Shot the partridge, grouse, and hare, and pheasant*

is not only like Taylor's

> *Great Bacchus with his horsebow shot a daw*

in appearance, but that it is like it because a conscious principle made it so.

But after that comes a difference. Taylor writes in this way because he mistrusts his own personal power for treating these things as major poets did. This he himself tells us. And he is generally careful to explain just how he is to be taken. He describes the

series out of which the line above is taken as poems fashioned out of *mockado fustian* and *motley*.

Now the Sitwells use *mockado* and *motley* for a rather different reason : not because they mistrust their personal gifts, but because they find the silks and velvets of major poetry are worn through. They can, however, do well with materials that formerly had no need to be used; and their taste, like Taylor's, prompts them to choose something that they perhaps would not mind being referred to briefly as *mockado*.

It goes without saying that they, as major poets feeling the major need, have fully worked out the whole poetic theory of *mockado*; while Taylor only touched on it, the task being then quite uncalled for, except for his personal satisfaction. However, that is pure theory : perhaps impure theory. One comes back simply to *taste*. That is the heart of the likeness. Because granted the similarity of situation, Taylor still might not have resembled any modern poet. It is quite a delicate jest on the part of time that it should have so turned about as to give us the circumstances and the taste together.

It is absurd perhaps to say that Taylor has a taste for the baroque, for the kind of art known by that name was scarcely in existence in his day. Perhaps one may look for the resemblance of taste in personality as well as in words. There seems to be some common chord in the Sitwells' and Taylor's publicity methods. Out of a few score of more retiring poets, it is not entirely surprising perhaps, to find that one who attracts public astonishment by rowing from London to Queenborough in a paper boat with stockfish oars, and others who do the same by reciting poems through a megaphone from behind an architectural curtain, should show in common certain distinctive tastes in their choice of images. It is a taste, shall we say, for fireworks.

One is reminded of that happy stroke at the climax of " The King and the Nightingale " chapter in *Baroque*

Art, where Sacheverell Sitwell prints an English firework programme of 1920 beside a programme of rococo Italian music. Here are two or three items from the fireworks :

" The Mammoth Chrysanthenum shell bursting at a great altitude into a huge golden flower.

" Swarm of glittering dragonflies produced by the ascent of large rockets.

" The Battle of Jutland with moving ships, heavy gunfire, thrilling scenes, concluding with the sinking of the Bismarck."

This exemplifies the very kind of taste under discussion. Put beside this a list of Taylor's works and we are again in exactly the same realm :

" The Sculler rowing from Tiber to Thames with his boat laden with a hotchpotch or gallimawfry of Sonnets, Satires and Epigrammes."

" Taylor's Urania, with the thirteen sieges of Jerusalem. "

" Laugh and be fat or a commentary on the Odcombian Banquet."

" The cold tearme or metamorphosis of the river Thames."

" A very merry, wherry, ferry voyage or York for my money, sometimes perilous, sometimes quarrelous."

" A kickey Winsey or a Lerry come twang."

" The Dolphin's Dangers and Deliverance."

" Taylor's Revenge or the Rymer William Fenner firkt ferreted and finely fetched over the coals, to be printed at Rotterdam at the sign of the Blue Bitch in Dog's Lane and transported oversea in a cod's belly."

These are just a few specimens taken at random. And in addition to these literary fireworks, it is interesting to see that Taylor shared the Sitwells' taste for describing actual fireworks.

We have then three degrees of artistic self-consciousness in the use of this kind of effect, with the fireworks them-

selves and the Sitwells at each limit of the scale and Taylor somewhere in the middle. It is really this differing state of self-knowledge that can remove all question or heighten the interest of the resemblance.

Has Taylor really any idea of writing anything in these passages but a farrago of parody and nonsense? Is there any sustained intention at all of some specialized and unusual effect? It is allowable to think that there is. Taylor's wish and claim to be known as the Water Poet was seriously meant and persistent, and there is no question that it would, during his lifetime, have gratified him to know that three hundred years later John Taylor would still be the Water Poet. We can see that he came to know personally and to engage the interest of a number of famous people—some of them poets themselves. We know that his talk and his talent were well received in Oxford. He himself tells readers that he is an inveterate scribbler, who wrote week in and out for years because he had the writing itch. It is only reasonable to think that his intentions would rise at times above the level of doggerel and street-corner broadside.

But perhaps his work at these moments speaks for itself. Is it likely or even possible that it was unconscious selection that chose such lines as :

Thus all the April at Bo-Peep he'd play

or could write :

Of men with long tails faced like hounds
Of spiders larger than a walnut shell.

Is it too much to find concentration and care in these lines; is it too much to feel that Taylor thought and hoped he was doing something that would arouse in later years the interest of any who care for these things, when the mood was on him and he struck out such a couplet as :

In the horned hoof of huge Bucephalus
Time turned about and showed me yesterday?

EMANUEL EISENBERG

SMALL OFFERING

Hold out your arms, O measureless
And bountiful, so I may place
This unendurable littleness
Within the deep, the drowning space.

For I have need of giving all
That bends me—yet the tragic weight
Will leave your body no less tall,
Your shoulders no less young and straight.

This is the grief that burdens me :
That I must give my griefs away,
That love and pain can never be
Sheltered beyond their natal day.

But you who give so freely (you
Have never dreamt that any thing
So small and fragile might undo
My sleep and waking)—you can swing

The trifle back and never know
That it was ever gone. While I,
Fallow again for grief to grow,
Regard the sea and earth and sky

In terror lest a wave or leaf
Or sunray fill my helpless heart...
In equal terror lest no grief
Take root and twist and then depart.

So stretch your arms and take all this
That you can keep so ably there :
The strained embrace, the trembling kiss
Are burdens more than I can bear.

AUGUST W. DERLETH

CONFESSIONS

Number One

There is something about riding at night. It lies in dim farm-houses passed swiftly and in lights from windows lost far away in the darkness.

Let us imagine a house on a hillside, standing against the sky, with two pine trees beside it. There is light in a single window; if the house is far away, the light will look like a big star. Let us imagine the house far away. There it is against the hillside, clinging half-way in the sky. There is its starlight; the two pines guard it closely, perhaps moving a little in a wind on the hillside, swaying a little, and maybe there could be the sound of the wind passing through its great boughs.

Let us imagine a house in a valley. It is a farmhouse, and there is a light near a big windmill, and another in a barn, where there are sounds from cows being milked, for we can imagine that it is early dusk, and only the very largest and closest stars are out. There is also a light in the house; it is a lamp, and it is standing quite near the window. Pass it slowly. Sometimes we can see something in the lamplight. There are dim shadows moving across the space between the barn and the house. Somebody comes out of the barn with the lantern that has been lighting it and now some one comes and takes away the lantern standing beside the windmill. After a while a girl comes out of the house and walks down a path leading away to the next farm. She ends up leaning on a gate not far away. We would like to go and talk to

her, but we can be sure she is waiting for the young man who is coming over the hill in the direction her face is turned.

Let us imagine a little house lost in a clump of trees off in the fields. It is deserted and it is almost in ruins. Let us imagine someone there. Let us see an old man living there all alone. The house and the man are old. It will be very cold there in winter, but we can imagine that the old man will die before the winter comes, and will be better off wherever he goes then. Maybe he will stay there and haunt the house. Let us imagine that the house is haunted. We pass it. There is no moonlight, and an owl has made its nest in one of the trees. The owl will hoot whenever it sees the headlights of a car. The house will become something to be afraid of, something to fear. The little house will be sinister, and we can imagine small boys daring each other to go there at night after chores. But we return to the little house. It is deserted. It is not haunted, and there never was an old man. And the owls prefer the marsh.

If we can see for ourselves a house on the farther edge of the marsh, then let us imagine that a light in its window looks like a will-o'-the-wisp hovering over the damp ground. It is waiting for some one to come, waiting. But no one comes. Everybody passes it by, some do not even look at it. But it is there. It is a light in a house. The house is so far away that we can see only the light in the window. The house is the marsh and the marsh is the house. And the light is the will-o'-the-wisp.

There is a house on a road that is shuttered and close. A light comes from behind a single shuttered window, and we can just see it as we pass it by. There is a tree standing very close to the shuttered window through which the light comes. There is another house like this farther along. It is now very late, and all the houses are dark and silent, crouching on the ground. Sometimes here and there, far away, there burns a single light; often

as we watch it, it goes out, and there is nothing but the stars.

That is riding at night. We come swiftly through dusk and life, and come into darkness and silence. There is now a great silence, and the stars; all the houses are sleeping. Now we can turn, and go back the way we have come; everything will be different now.

Number Two

Very often I think I hear wings beating. I know there are no wings, but I think I can hear them. This is very curious to me because I do not know why it should be. Sometimes on the bridge at night I hear a flapping of wings, and this, I know, is the sound of a heron flying along the river in the darkness. I know it is very high in the sky, because the sound seems to come from far away.

But that is not like the wings beating. This beating is in the air, and sometimes it is in me. It is not like a sound, but like a stirring to take flight. Like captive wings, wings held down, fluttering to escape, to take flight. Whenever I am alone, I find myself listening for the wings beating. It is almost an obsession. They come in just a little while, and I listen to them beating... beating. It is a very curious obsession. Sometimes I think it is madness, a selfish kind of madness, different from the madness of ordinary people. The beating of wings fascinates me. I hear in them all I have wanted to say about everything.

The wings beating is like talking to myself. Only I listen more intently to the beating. It is not like a sound at all; it is telling myself everything that I have thought during the day. That is lovely. It is as if I had been afraid to say these things, and now the wings tell me. The wings beating at night seems like an emptying of myself. It is something in me that must come out before I can rush away into the dreams I long for. It is like a

furthering of escape—like a door in the path, through which I must first pass before I can reach the freedom, the abandon of dreams. The sweetness of wings beating!

Number Three

There is something about walking along a road in the moonlight, something that is very hard to define. I like very much to walk along in the moonlight. It need not be a road, but there is something definite about a road, nevertheless. It is like following something, I think. I don't know what. Sometimes I think it is because the road is going somewhere; that makes a difference, even if I don't know where the road is going. It had better be a strange road, because that would make it sure. If it were familiar, there might be too much memory about it.

I like very much to walk along and watch the moon. Not watch, I suppose, just look. I also like very much to watch my shadow; sometimes it does such queer things—not like a part of me at all. But I must be alone. If I am not alone, there is nothing in walking at all. When I am alone, I want to expand. I feel as if all of this that I see is part of me, really essentially me; I feel that if I were not there, neither would all this be there. That's awfully vague, isn't it? I feel that it is. But I don't think I can do any better with it. There's something that makes me feel that way. Maybe it's the moon. It couldn't be my shadow, I'm sure. But maybe it's something in me, something that is connected somewhere.

Because I never used to feel this way about walking along a road in the moonlight. When I was a very little boy, I used to like to walk with bare feet in dew-grass. I didn't like the moon especially, but I used to like the dew-grass better when there was a moon, because the dew glistened so. That made a difference because it was not like eating and sleeping and running around in the day-

time. Later I used to notice the moon because it made things lighter at night. Now I think that is very childish, and I can smile when I look back; after all, it's not so far away.

I think I really began to feel the moon when I was going with Margery. I used to watch Margery's face in the moonlight. I liked to see it so white. Especially if we were sitting mostly in the shadow, and the moonlight struck a part of her face, her mouth, maybe. I liked to see it on her neck, too. Her neck was very pretty in the moonlight. When my hands went up to her neck, I used to think them ugly because they were not nearly so white as her skin. Sometimes, when we were walking along the streets, I used to watch for her face to pass through the moonlight coming past the heavy trees.

Later, I used to feel the same way about Robin. Sometimes when he was sleeping, I used to look at his face in the moonlight. I remember that once I wished the pillow could be black, so that his face would be whiter. Like Margery, too, his mouth looked very pretty in the moonlight. I wondered why everything looked so white in the moonlight. Nights when I could not sleep, I would hold my hand in the moonlight and look at it. After a while my hand, too, seemed very attractive, like Margery's neck, and Robin's mouth.

After that I seemed to feel for the moon. At first I began to think that maybe I liked the moonlight because it hid all those things I disliked, or those things of which I was afraid. It made everything seem so very different in such a pleasing way. There was such a mystery. But it was not that—it was something else.

I went out on the bridge and hung over the rail and looked at the moon and at the moonpath on the water. Sometimes the moon seemed very far away, and sometimes it seemed very close. I could think of myself talking to the moon. I'm sure it would be very friendly. But it could be very cold and very distant—far away in

the sky. I could look at it and remember all that I had read about it; I think I would rather have this vague pleasure, this something from the moon, than all the knowledge in the world. Knowledge is very cold, but I don't think that the moon is cold. It isn't to me, anyway.

There is this something about walking along a road in the moonlight. I think it is like looking at white necks or mouths or hands all pale and lovely. And something like that childish joy of walking barefoot in the dew-grass. It is like this all together. It is all very lovely, and I can feel it very sharply. Especially if I am in a city and the moon hangs over buildings and streets where there are no trees and no lonely roads. When I am in a city I am very lonely always. Except sometimes in winter, when there are snow-covered houses, and trails of smoke moon-shadowed on the snow. But there is never a chance to walk along in the moonlight and love everything.

I think that is what it is. I love everything, because everything seems to come from me. It is like giving birth to something; it is so much a part of me that I can't help loving it. What an idea! Think of the moon and the trees and the road leading somewhere being so much a part of me. But it's true, I guess. It's not really the moon and the trees and the road leading somewhere, but it's all those things as I look at them. I see them my way, and I think I see them that way because of the moon, and perhaps what I have seen and read in the moon causes me to see everything this way because of the moon.

There is always the road in the moonlight—sometimes it is autumn and sometimes summer, but most often it is spring. And this something that I feel going down this road is sharpest in spring, when the earth is stirring. This feeling is the sense of all life, and from somewhere within me, close to the source of the growing, where all my senses meet and cross, there is an answering.

That is this something, and I do not know what that is. It is always there, and I feel it there, and I think the source

of it is my memory, that memory of years I did not see but only felt. That is what I think it is. I do not know. I would see, I think, if I could know that I would feel this way about walking along a road in the moonlight in spite of the dew-grass and the whiteness of Margery's face and neck, and Robin's mouth, and pale hands in the moonlight.

E. E. CUMMINGS

THREE POEMS

I

when hair falls off and eyes blur And
thighs forget (when clocks whisper
and night shouts) When minds
shrivel and hearts grow brittler every
Instant (when of a morning Memory stands,
with clumsily wilted fingers
emptying youth colour and what was
into a dirtied glass) Pills for Ills
(a recipe against Laughing Virginity Death)

then dearest the
way trees are Made leaves
open Clouds take sun mountains
stand And oceans do Not sleep matters
nothing; then (then the only hands so to speak are
they always which creep budgingly over some
numbered face capable of a largest nonglance the
least unsmile
or whatever weeds feel and fish think of)

II

a clown's smirk in the skull of a baboon
(where once good lips stalked or eyes firmly stirred)
my mirror gives me, on this afternoon;
i am a shape that can but eat and turd
e'er with the dirt death shall him vastly gird,
a coward waiting clumsily to cease
whom every perfect thing meanwhile doth miss;
a hand's impression in an empty glove,
a soon forgotten tune, a house for lease.
I have never loved thee dear as now i love

behold this fool who, in the month of June,
having of certain stars and planets heard,
rose very slowly in a tight balloon
until the smallening world became absurd;
him did an archer spy (whose aim had erred
never) and by that little trick or this
he shot the aeronaut down, into the abyss
—and wonderfully i fell through the green groove
of twilight, striking into many a piece.
I have never loved thee dear as now i love

god's terrible face, brighter than a spoon,
collects the image of one fatal word;
so that my life (which liked the sun and the moon)
resembles something that has not occurred :
I am a birdcage without any bird,
a collar looking for a dog, a kiss

without lips; a prayer lacking any knees
but something beats within my shirt to prove
he is undead who, living, noone is.
I have never loved thee dear as now i love.

Hell (by most humble me which shall increase)
open thy fire! For i have had some bliss
of one small lady upon earth above;
to whom i cry, remembering her face,
i have never loved thee dear as now i love

III

touching you i say (it being Spring
and night) " let us go a very little beyond
the last road—there's something to be found "

and smiling you answer "everything
turns into something else and slips away...
(these leaves are Thingish with moondrool
and i'm ever so very little afraid ")
i say
" along this particular road the moon if you'll
notice follows us like a big yellow dog. You

don't believe? look back. (Along the sand
behind us, a yellow big dog that's... now it's red
a big red dog that may be owned by who
knows)
only turn a little your. so. And

there's the moon, there is something faithful and mad "

WAVERLEY LEWIS ROOT

TINKLING BRASS

He stood at the door peering through the crack on to the stage, which shone under the glow of the great hanging lamps. The concert-master had just gone in, violin tucked carefully under his elbow, crossing the stage with that drawling languid walk, that bored refinement of the strut which is the sacred prerogative of concert-masters. He was seated now, testing the tuning of the strings, seeming to prick an attentive ear towards all the little bubbles of sound about him, as though he might rise at any moment and correct a player whose ear was faulty.

Standing there at the door, peering through the narrow crack, he realized that he was nervous, frightfully nervous. And yet this was not the first time that his programme had included a work from his own pen. Those others, though, had been trifles, amusements, not to be taken seriously. They were, after all, only exercises in orchestration, an art at which his two-score years as a conductor had not unnaturally made him adept.

But this work, this composition which was now for the first time to have a public hearing, was more than a facile display of an ephemeral technique. It had been written out of his sorrow, out of his anguish and bitter grief, out of the only deep and lasting emotion that had come to him since childhood. Never before had he tried to make his music express anything more than whimsical fantasy or technical brilliance. He had been the conductor first, the composer only incidentally. And then, it was true, there had been nothing to express. He was not an emotional man. His greatness as a conductor had

proceeded from an intellectual understanding of the music he played, akin to and overlapping upon sympathy, but a sympathy apprehended rather than felt.

And now this single work of his that had truly proceeded from the flame of his passions, his single bid for immortality, was about to be played before the most critical audience the country afforded. There it stood on the programme : *Evelyn : A Portrait in B Minor.* He had considered placing a hyphen between the *e* and the *l*, so that it would be certain to be pronounced as she herself pronounced it, in the voice he had loved to hear, English fashion, with the long *e* and in two syllables. Evelyn! How the sound of that name, even now, affected him!

Had he been wrong, he wondered, to have it preceded by the César Franck *D minor?* He had considered very carefully his choice of a symphony. The spectacularity of Tchaikowsky would have dulled the brilliance of his own work; the strength of Beethoven overpowered it; the solidity of Mahler exhausted an audience that must remain alert. Finally he had decided on the impressive but simple beauty of the *D minor.*

He had wondered, with a sudden misgiving, as the two harps swept into the lovely opening chords of the second movement, if he had not made a mistake, if the sheer grace of this work would not dim by contrast anything that might follow. Almost, in his anxiety, he forgot to give the English horn his cue. But as the pungent melodic line crept into the arpeggiated chords, his fear passed. The *D minor* was not a jealous symphony. Beautiful beyond all others, it had no need to protest its charms blatantly to the detriment of its rivals.

The lights were down. The confused desultory tuning hum of the orchestra, hovering about the oboe's *A* like a great dragon-fly around a flower, had ceased. The whispering of the house came to him, diminished to a low expectancy. It was time.

He straightened himself, summoned resolution by his attitude. Somewhere within him he felt the seeping of a reverential purpose. He was about to perform an act of devotion, about to rear a memorial to that one woman whom he had loved, had won, had lost, and loved still.

The door swung open, and the lights struck him fiercely in the face as he passed briskly across the apron of the stage to the stand. The familiarity of the proceeding heartened him, rid him of his nervousness. He faced his audience, bowing politely to the perfunctory applause that greeted his second appearance of the evening, strengthened a little to-night by his friends and admirers, who applauded his coming work before its performance on faith——

As he bowed, his eyes strayed carelessly over the audience. There, in good seats carefully selected by a thoughtful management, sat the critics and their ladies. They were, all of them, veterans, conscious of the courtesy due to him on account of his permanent and prominent position in the musical life of the city. However bad his work might seem to them, he would receive, he knew, nothing worse than faint praise. " A clever effort in portraiture... a charming little symphonic poem... first performance of a delicate and delightful...." And from Vanderweyhe, who disliked him, " a skilfully constructed composition, faintly reminiscent of...." No, he had nothing to fear from the critics. He need not worry about what they might say; he feared only what they might think.

He was conscious as he stood bowing, glancing about the house, that he was looking for some one. He hardly permitted himself to realize that it was she he was seeking. If she were there, to hear the testimonial of his still potent love, to witness, perhaps, his triumph as a composer....

He turned and faced the orchestra. Suppose she were watching him now, watching as he picked up the baton

and glanced sharply at the players, electrifying them into readiness? It was not possible, of course. She was in France—in France with her lover.

He rapped sharply on the stand and raised his baton. He did not feel, now, that tremendous sense of power that had been, for him, the great fascination of conducting. He did not sense the majestic autocratic strength that comes from directing in the minutest detail the practised technique of a hundred odd musicians, fine artists all, constrained by the relentless discipline of the orchestra to follow without deviation the slightest movement of the little rod in his hand. He felt instead small, young, helpless, inexperienced—a child before an adult's task.

It was doubt of the worth of his work, perhaps, that had robbed him of this fine assurance, this consciousness of power. Yet the work had gone excellently at rehearsal. One or two of his men had sought him out and congratulated him on it. Strength welled up within him. The sense of the vastness of his control over these men possessed him. He was a player upon the finest instrument on earth, at once the most sensitive and the strongest; and, as men reckoned, a great player. Yet it was humbly and with reverence that he brought his baton slowly down for the opening of the composition which was the fruit of his overpowering love and overwhelming pain.

Slowly, sweetly, softly, out of nothingness, the unison *B* crept from the violins. It quivered and, in its quivering, split and divided, into its component parts, the tonic chord of *B* minor, shimmering, softly gray, from the choir of the strings. Against that grayness, the harps, running in swift arpeggios in their lowest octaves, preluded with the strings, elaborating and adorning the opening chord.

Soft and misty he felt it, mysterious, mystic, like her soul. She had been a strange compound, half Italian, half French, born and reared in London, the mysticism

of her Latin core tortured and constrained by the hard English morality that enwrapped it. In those moments when he had thought he could see clearly through the outer veils deep into that core, a sudden wind had blown wisps of fog across his vision, and he had been sure of nothing. Always she had seemed to him as ethereal, as misty, as difficult of penetration as this weeping chord appeared to him now. It was the baffling outer semblance, the shifting elusiveness, the beautiful uncertainty of the woman.

He gave the cue for the horns, and the eight golden bells swept glisteningly upwards to the lips of their masters. Softly, softly, shining through the mist, there sounded that dislocated chord, the third diminished, the fifth augmented, that subsided to the chord of *B* minor with the relief of a dying sob. Again the strain, again the relief, and the horns, in richly interwoven harmonies, erected, in mowing pillars of sound, a temple of sadness veiled in the curtains of the mist.

Yes, it was she! The tragedy, the sorrow of her soul—all that was in the slow measured cadences of the horns. The quiet suffering, the pain born of that first love for the man who had been unkind to her, softened by the passing of a little time and the drenching of many tears, sounded as the foundation of all that was to come.

'Cello! It was her name, her two-syllabled name. Eve-lyn! It sang out, out of the mist, in that noble drop of a major fifth, repeated, tossed from instrument to instrument, sometimes softly, caressingly; sometimes boldly, fiercely. Eve-lyn! What a name for music!

Eve-lyn, sang the horn, and suddenly he thought: "The Valkyrie!" He had not noticed before how, unconsciously, he had borrowed from Wagner. But it did not matter. It was a natural enough resemblance. She had no little of the Valkyrie in her, in the defiant strength she opposed to her misfortune, though it was a

yielding strength rather than the harsh physical robustness of the Warrior Maidens.

He gave the solo 'cello the cue. And again the pang of remembrance pricked him as he recognized, in the long deep notes of the melodic line, descending from the name-motif, now lengthened and complete, a suggestion of *Don Quixote*. Why had he not noticed them before, these borrowings?

The misty shimmering of the strings still sang softly as a background to the strong line of the melody. The horns suggested still the sadness they had first expressed. But from the 'cello rose a theme somehow sad and yet beyond sadness, filled with a quiet strength, a deep nobility that had chosen sadness before fury, tragedy instead of melodrama. It was the greatness of her, the very depth and essence of her being. He had preserved it, undyingly, in music.

Lightly the music turned on itself, swung into a dancing lilt following the lead of the wood wind. Yes, thus she had been sometimes, carefree and gay, soon after their marriage, soon after he had taken her from her lover, the cruel one for whom she had wept, many nights, lying beside her husband in their bed. She had wept silently, thinking he did not know. And he had lain quiet beside her, feigning sleep, his heart aching in the acid bath of her tears. He had heard, and now in this music he had written them down, those long nights of silent weeping, so much more painful for the restraint she had imposed upon herself.

But not yet! Now there was laughter, laughter and music and dancing, the gaiety she had loved so much. The fancy-dress balls—how many she had taken him to! Embarrassed, in his Anglo-Saxon conventionality, by the self-apprehended conspicuousness of costuming, he had gone nevertheless to ball after ball because they gave her such pleasure.

How much of her gaiety was real, how much feigned?

That he had never known exactly. But even now the music was mounting higher, higher, the gaiety was growing a little forced, a little hysterical, as though it were the cloak for an emotion quite different that lay underneath and must not be disclosed. Deep down in the whirl of sound, tubas and bassoons mumbled threateningly, a reminiscence of the sadness that had gone before. With a swift glittering run, the music climbed suddenly, steeply, to a shriek, a breaking... and soft, soft, the horns once more picked their timid way through the mist, their chords a bit distorted, a bit ugly, throbbing in a subdued pain. It was that night when she had torn him suddenly from the brilliant ballroom, burst into wild tears, cried, "I want to die! Oh! I want to die!" and then, quieter, had sobbed in the cab all the way home, while he, an awkward arm about her shoulder, kept silence, not knowing what to say. It had been the music, the dance they had played—it had reminded her of a certain night with that other.

It was time now for the music once more to sweep and rise, sweep up fiercely as his emotion had swept hers, almost smothered, again into fire. It must paint the flaring passion of his love, the hotness in her that had answered it—but not, as he knew now, with love. Hers was a heat of frustration, of hurt pride, of broken hopes. On the crest of disappointment he had won her—won her by bullying, almost, by frantic threats, by violent weeping—he, the staid, the sober, the emotionless Anglo-Saxon! And she had thrown herself recklessly into the haven he offered, seeking refuge, warming herself by his flame, lest all her fire should go out, lest all her life should become dull and tawdry.

Yes, it had all been as fiery, as furious, as pulsing as these swift throbbing drum beats, this rising, leaping crescendo. His commonplace English soul that had doomed him, before, to be always the interpreter, never the creator, had risen to the heights of passion to match

the impetuous heat of her fierce southern blood. In a burst of flame he had won her, a burst as glorious as this tremendous flare of sound, gashed with crimson trumpets, drenched with the bronze clamour of great bells, sounding her name in endless refrain against the paean of ecstasy.

Ah! but this—this sinister outcropping! There was actual sweat upon his brow, and his lips trembled as there rumbled upward from the menacing bassoons, from the evil, the sardonic, the cynical English horn, the distorted chords of her sadness, broken and shattered. Ugly now, they dragged the reckless abandon of the orchestra by slow degrees into the order of their painful deadly progress. Brokenly, the bells ceased, a random note striking through now and again like a cry of pain. The mighty web of music writhed in a hidden agony. And through it crept relief, the smooth long song of the 'cello, like the passing of time against the muted voices of the horns, the mistiness of the strings. She had turned back to her sadness, back to her tragedy, back to the lover, the cruel lover who had hurt her so, he whom she still most truly loved.

The voice of the 'cello died. Only the horns moved now in sad procession against the distant shimmer of the strings. He stood there, a lonely man, bereft of his one great love, and watched his hands move slowly, futilely, to keep alive a thinning sound. The horns were silenced. Only the chord remained, *B* minor, shivering in the strings, shimmering through the harps. The golden harp notes ceased, the soft mist of the strings remained. Slowly, softly, its parts collected themselves, merged into one, until only the thin faint wail of the unison *B* was left, sounding from the violins. And then that too dwindled as it had come, and he was left alone.

The roar of applause was immediate and deafening. There was no momentary pause, no hushed waiting as though for a last inaudible chord, as there had been after

the symphony. The house arose, clapping, clapping, clapping, to applaud the composer-conductor, the genius in their midst. From the confusion of their applause, sporadic "Bravos!" exploded. Very sick, he turned to bow, mechanically, politely, an automatic motion, hiding the tumult that had torn him within. His eye fell upon the dean of the critics, old Mumford of the *Times*, standing in the aisle, holding his hands high and clapping politely, very courteous and courtly. Ah, yes, he was always courteous, Mumford!

He bowed, bowed, bowed to the clapping. He heard the orchestra rise behind him, join the applause in his honour. His eyes dimmed, the house was a blur. Only, somehow, he could still see through the tears that had welled into them, one figure, clear and distinct—Mumford, smiling kindly, tolerantly, as he caught his eye and bowed, hands still held high, still clapping courteously, oh so courteously!

And his heart was filled with bitterness, for he knew that his music was sterile and carried none of the heavy freight from within his soul.

KATHLEEN BALBERNIE

NOTTE DI NATALE, SICILY

Something will happen... soon
Something will happen... all that night
Of Christmas Eve the air was like white
Wine.

" Their Procession will pass
At three in the morning," said
The English at the " Dancing," flushed
Among the dark smiling Latins. " Three...
Four... they are always late."
From the Midnight Mass
Came shepherds and fishers, and with meek shawled head
Their women : the poor crowding peaceably
With their masters and those few sophisticate
That are strange nowhere.
Their black eyes bright-locked
By the glitter of candles, their nerves trembling yet
From primitive chant and the simplicity
Of the Pastorale, they were waiting.
Rocked
A sudden bell.
Out rushed
Into the dark street the mad dancers, hushed
A little at the cobbled steps to the old
Defaced church whence must come
Incredible beauty soon.
A drum
Beat ominously as the hour dragged on,
And the old Adam laughed in lighter men.

But some men stood impenetrable : some
Gazed like the children brought from bed
At a little Christmas-tree
More children in a window lit :
Male heads uncovering when
The band played confidently
At intervals the same music of war....

And at last the Procession came.
Some old poor men who yet carried the flame
Of candles steadily in hands hard-worn :
Three turbaned, grave Wise Men : and then upborne
Under a palanquin the priest, and he
Held the wax image of God's Child....

It came and was gone.
There was fire on the Square like noon :
Music and marching and murmurs of strange bliss.

Was it this
That was to happen?
But soft airs were wild
With too much love for the containing of it.
Low to the still sea leant the morning star.
And there was no name for the manifold
Desire of the heart and its bitter regret.

KATHLEEN BALBERNIE

ISLAND DAWN

The sea so cold among his caves,
Or hail-white in an anger of waves,
The sea his secret hides,
His sweet secret under the tides.

A brightness shining on my eyes
Opened them on the sky,
Where immortally young
The new moon hung
With the morning star, as if so much in love
With life she could not die.
And from the sea I saw a dream rise
Coloured like roses....

I with all men move
In a mystery of desire and pain and sleep.
But what is this dream coming out of the deep?

CHARLES BEADLE

BLACK VELVET

Lusts steamed as multi-coloured as the hot stenches of the tropical forest. From greeny filigrees apes chattered exotic obscenities to screaming parrots. Scarlet, cobalt and yellow birds glimmered in vernal twilight like a dreamer's sensual desires. Flies droned of fetid couplings. Earth oozed fecundity.

A line of porters writhed like a dun-spotted black snake in a fuming midden. Jungle as dense as the wool on a negro's head was cut as cleanly as a spear may slice a wild orange by sunlight. Dazzling as an ivory bracelet on negress's arm glare plucked at the eyelids.

Dawned the odours of smoke and yeasty beer. Banana fronds were laced in livid green. The jazz of the jungle muted to the yapping of curs, cries of children, bleating of goats, lowing of cattle; and ululating in staccato, shrill notes, round and yellow, velvety, erethismic as a woman's caress.

Brown cones trailed blue spirals like wisps of the hair of ghosts in high moon. The tenor of the troubadour fled like a green parrot into the dark chorus of the porters.

Long is the trek from the land of grey dogs!
Hunger and thirst have yelped at our heels!
So are we tired foot-swollen and sore!

Ough!... Ough! ..... Ough!... Ough!

Tall is our lord, a pale palm in the sun!
His wrath is an awe like to the woughings of lions!
But his laughter resembles the hiccoughs of apes!

Ough!... Ough! ..... Ough!... Ough!

As sweet as wild honey are the bellies of girls!
Feasting and loving, sleeping and song
are better than bearing huge loads on the head!

Ough!... Ough! ..... Ough!... Ough!

Ebon bodies glistened as loads yielded magically a chair, a table, a tent. Fires began to crackle as night pounced stealthily upon the land. Eyeballs and teeth danced like pallid butterflies in the moonlight. Laughter and cries, gurgles and smacking of thick lips accompanied the threnody of the frogs, crickets and mosquitoes, shot by the screams of parrots and the raucous calls of beasts.

In the glare of an acetylene lamp a mosquito-net looked like a phantom room. Within sat a white man in ducks, smoking and drinking whisky. Through the cobwebby curtains were ushered six young girls, nude save for tiny flaps of hide embroidered with gay beads. In a row they stood, sooty eyelids fluttering as they giggled and smiled tentatively at the stranger of great height and hair like to ripe corn cobs. Breasts resembled black oranges; yearning buttocks, twin moles.

Greyish eyes brightened. A sigh was half stoppered. Gravely he pointed to a maid who wore an amulet about her neck and whose nose was scarcely more flattened than a young plum. The others pushed her forward. As they filed out, they giggled, sibilant sounds like bubbles. The girl sank upon her heels beside her lord of the night.

As the hot moon waded through the feverish stars the symposium of the frogs and crickets was hushed by belly grunts and the throb of hand drums.

PM! PM!... PM! PM! PM!... PM! PM!... PM! PM!

PM! PM! PM!... PM! PM! PM!

Blue sweat-points gleamed on bodies shuffling and swaying around fires on which singed raw meat. The minstrel's voice bat-flighted in the moonlight.

Hail to the maid who shall slake our lord's thirst!
Comely is she and as black as a pot!
Greased and bewitched!

Ough! Ough! .....Ough! Ough! Ough!

Broad is his chest far whiter than meal!
Soon shall it crush her breasts like to plums!
Tender young gourds!

Ough! Ough! .....Ough! Ough! Ough!

Lithe are her thighs like to young plaintain shoots!
Night ripples on water resemble her hair!
Oiled moon reflecting!

Ough! Ough! .....Ough! Ough! Ough!

She shall have blankets of colour and price
to cover her belly now sacred to him!
Dark secret places!

Ough! Ough! .....Ough! Ough! Ough!

Out of his mouth drop raw meat and beer!
Let us be drunken with flesh and with song!
Honour their joy!

Ough! Ough! .....Ough! Ough! Ough!

Violently changed the rhythm, a kettle drum crescendo crashing.

Brrrrrrrrrrrrr PM! Brrrrrrrrrrrrr PM! Brrrrrrrrrrrrr PM! PM! PMM! Brrrrrrrrrrrrr PM! Brrrrrrrrrrrrr PM! Brrrrrrrrrrrrr PM! PM! PMM!

A giant buck, parrot feathers verdigris, seemed to be spewed by a fire. Taut shoulders and breasted chest

nigh motionless he began to dance from the navel to the knees. Deeper grew the grunts. Dashed the treble ululation of women. Swifter fled the beat, the contortions of the dancer's haunches. Faster into frenzy. Abruptly the Walpurgis ended.

Tiny sighs counter-pointed by groans fluttered into the insectile humming of the forest. Opened, as lusts steamed like the stenches of the jungle, the canticle of the frogs, crickets and mosquitoes, to be quashed by a new note of a drum....

At the bedtime of the beasts of the jungle the girl was sleeping upon the mat at the foot of the camp cot. Men and women slumbered like gorged snakes feet to fires in the form of the rafters of a round hut. Not until the length of the violet shadows equalled the height of the tent did the torpid camp begin to stir.

A somnambulistic boy was seen bearing presents of two blankets and a bottle of fire water to the village. So that men knew that the maid had found favour in the white man's sight. More rejoicing was there that night and the next. Men and women ate and drank until not one could move.

On the fourth day when loads wearily were taken up all noted that the girl was gaily clothed in a blanket the colours of a flamingo and a parrot; upon her wrists were bracelets of glass and a necklet of blue beads graced her throat. Behind her walked a woman to bear her sleeping mat.

So the troubadour made many new songs about her beauty and the glory of the white man with hair like ripe corn cobs, for now was his wrath tempered as is the heat by the rains and his fingers were loosened even more than ever.

For several moons she dwelt with her white lord, marching through jungles and over uplands, sleeping always upon her mat by his side as befits a woman,

eating strange foods and envied by the women of many tribes.

Then on a day they came to a country where dwelt another white man whom the people called: He-without-women. That night, when the two white men ate together after their fashion, the stranger said to the first white man :

" That's a nice piece of black velvet you have. As you're going back home, I'll take her over if you like? The women around here are so damned filthy and ugly. "

" Right-o, ole stick! "

But of this the girl knew nothing until the eve of her man's leaving, when he gave her a present and told her that she now belonged to the other white man. So it was that on the morrow at dawn she squatted patiently on the veranda of a bungalow waiting until her new lord should summon her.

J. M. REEVES

YOU TOLD ME LOVE IS A STAR

You told me love is a star
slung clear of hands' talent to abase,
minds' to explore,
orbited sure
(you told me)
threading the comfort of other stars.

How if our star were fallen away and shrivelled,
living but in these mote-conventions (pity
that humiliates, humility that betrays)
his strong rays
(how shall we tell)
expended?

Stars are visible, dear, only through motes.
The more remote
lives longer.

E. F. CARRITT

WHAT IS ART? GENTILE V. CROCE *

When philosophers fall out, plain men come by their own mischievous amusement. Partly that, to their unenlightened apprehensions, the points of difference seem sometimes so minute and the passions engaged so strong—

Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee,—

partly that an innocent malice delights in the foibles or peccadilloes of saints and heroes—

Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?

But there are situations and behaviours in these quarrels which leave an ill taste in the mouth, and then such pleasure as the plain man finds is that of a pharisaic publican: "I may be stupid, but at least I can write like a gentleman." That great

* *There will very shortly be issued by Mr. Edward W. Titus (the Black Manikin Press), 4, Rue Delambre, Paris, an English translation of the latest book written by the Italian philosopher, Professor Giovanni Gentile:* The Philosophy of Art. *The translation has been made by Mr. E. F. Carritt, of University College, Oxford, whose own book,* The Theory of Beauty, *and "anthology", Philosophies of Beauty, are standard guides to the various aesthetic theories that have been put before the world. At the request of the Editor, Mr. Carritt has written for* THIS QUARTER *this comment on Professor Gentile's aesthetic, as it is expounded in* The Philosophy of Art.

writer, F. H. Bradley, set an uncivil example here; but he has been far outdone, unless what looks venomous to an English reader is mere badinage or unction in a more exuberant tongue.

Certainly Professor Gentile's gift of rhetoric is dangerous to a philosopher in more ways than one. It often leads him to substitute declamation, or the piling up of picturesque images, for argument or patient consideration of difficulties. Where all is plain sailing he can be lucid and direct; but when the moot point is reached, we feel as Socrates did when he complained that his opponent soused him like a bath-man.

I think Professor Gentile has done great service to philosophy by carrying out certain implications of idealism to what he considers their logical development, or by what some may think their *reductio ad absurdum*. In the light of his coherent doctrine other idealists can hardly avoid thinking out again some of their positions, and waverers will be helped to choose a flag.

A considerable part of his *Filosofia dell'Arte* is a polemic, often avowed sometimes implied, against Croce's theory of art, on the ground that it is a half-hearted idealism no better than realism, empiricism, materialism,—three vices which the author identifies. "All realism is absurd." The main reasons alleged are two. One is Berkeley's worst; that we only know our own ideas, and that if there be any other reality it can be no concern of ours. The assumption is that a belief in the spiritual nature of reality involves the idealist epistemology that consciousness creates its object. However little we may be prepared to accept this axiom, its conclusions are developed with a courage very different from Berkeley's and even surpassing Hume's. Not only Berkeley's God and finite minds, but past history, by which even Hume ex-

plained the present, is rejected. For time, no more than space or anything else, exists outside the act of thought which thinks it. Thought is all; and thought as active thinking, not as the truth or fact thought. The only "immediate fact" of which we can be certain is that "there is thought."

The other and more interesting argument is that thought must be free. That is to say, no spiritual activity can be the necessary result of previous conditions. If it were, we could not apply to it predicates of value and distinguish it as true or false, right or wrong, beautiful or ugly. It would be what it had to be, and we should be reduced to behaviourism, however we might vainly cling to dualism. But freedom, it is argued, is only possible for the whole, which develops (though not of course in time) solely by the necessity of its own nature. Were there anything else in the world, that other would limit and condition the spiritual activity and deprive it of freedom. And any object of thought outside thought and preceding it would have this effect. There can therefore be nothing but spirit and only one spirit. To use an analogy, which cannot be quite fair, so long as a body moved purely by its own momentum it would be free, and its motion could be called sometimes good and sometimes bad, though it is not very clear why; but so soon as it were attracted or repelled by other bodies, the resultant of such influences and its own momentum would not be free and could not be valued. But why should not its contribution to the resultant be called "free"?

How spirit freely or necessarily behaves in accordance with the law of its nature, we are told. It behaves dialectically or rhythmically; creating within itself a self and an object; each of which, regarded as existing separately, is a figment or dead thought, becoming so, however, only when it is made the

object of a new living act of thought which *creates* within itself this object and a subject. The subject and object are the abstract "other" or "not-being" of each other, and the concrete reality is the identity of these two abstract elements in the thinking act, which is completely self-conscious and which knows, as good idealists do, that its object is really itself, or, rather, that self and object are abstract elements of spirit or thought realized in this act. It is now pretty clear why "all realism is absurd". It is because there is really no such thing. The only concrete reality is that full self-consciousness which is the author's idealism. If *per impossibile* there really were a realist he would *ipso facto* be right, as our author seems to allow in a note on Protagoras. Supposing Professor Gentile could remember having fallen in his wild youth into realistic heresy (that is to say, by a present act of thought were to create such an object as a past realistic condition of himself) he would have to say (1) that on the false supposition of his ever having really thought thus, it would have been a true state of mind then, though it is false now ("there is no error but detected error"); (2) but that, so far as the necessity of his being leads him to create and project into the non-existent past such a false abstraction as a thought which did *not* recognize itself in its object, it leads him to do something which it also leads him to know is a mistake. In other words it is impossible, on Professor Gentile's theory, for him to think that anybody does think or has thought or will think otherwise than Professor Gentile is now thinking. And as he is thinking idealism, all realism is absurd. It is true that he foresees a criticism of this kind and tries to forestall it. He argues that while a philosopher is expounding his system you must not "treacherously go behind his back" and apply to that system the consequence which would

follow from it. Idealism need not be idealistic about idealism. Yet it might be harder for him to get to grips with the realists if he did not "treacherously go behind their backs" and assume that they take realism realistically. However let us try to play the game for a little according to his rules.

Of the two elements or aspects which thought or spirit creates or discovers within itself, the subjective element or " self " is identified with personal feeling, and the objective element or world or fact is identified with thought in the sense of what is thought about (not the thinking act). Neither, as said before, can exist alone, both are present in every real thinking act, and there are always recognized as identical in their difference. The feeling or subjective aspect of any thinking act is its art or beauty, the objective aspect is its truth, scientific, religious or philosophical. But we do somehow manage to make false abstractions or to think falsely (or at least in the act of thinking we create as the object of our thought what we call a past erroneous thought or other people's erroneous thought); and one way in which we do this is to think that we or others have supposed that some thinking acts are beautiful but not true and others true but not beautiful. The only real reality is the whole present thinking act which includes both self and object and therefore both beauty and truth. Beauty then is the feeling with which we apprehend, that is create, any truth or fact. Truth or fact is anything that is an object of consciousness, and therefore of feeling. They are inseparable. Feeling is called the form of thought. It is also identified with the body and with nature. This is alleged to be the only idealism which had shed all remnants of transcendence; it is immanent idealism or "actualism".

It is not hard to see where this doctrine must fall foul of Croce, just as it must of Kant and even of

Hegel or Bradley. All these writers seem to allow that our thinking becomes aware of something which, however spiritual, however much akin to the thinking we are now doing, is not that thinking. They do not think our knowledge is confined entirely to "our own ideas." Kant at least sometimes believed that there was a thing-in-itself which gave rise both to our sensations and to the forms of perception and the categories. Bradley would seem to hold that there is an absolute reality or experience beyond our thinking act of which that is and can be but an appearance. Hegel also failed sometimes to distinguish *logo concreto* from *logo astratto*;—the live act of thinking from the dead thought which is only an object of thinking—; and so his dialectic is sometimes transcendent, something which stands over against the thinking act and conditions it. For him too there is an absolute, *a sopramondo, specie di cielo*. Consequently for Hegel, art or beauty is something not merely distinguishable within thought or truth but different from it, transcending it, and alternating with it.

Croce, as is well known, holds that the aesthetic experience is a grade of intellectual or, as he would say, theoretic activity as opposed to practical. The spirit, than which there is nothing else, is realized only in theoretic or practical activity. The latter manifests itself in two ways, first as appetitive, or as Croce would say economic striving, and also at a higher grade as moral effort. The first of these seeks the satisfaction of the individual agent, the second that of the universal spirit. But practical activity, or action, being something more than change, implies thought. To distinguish it from change there must be consciousness of the situation and of the alteration which is being effected in it.

Thought conversely implies action. First it must

have an object and, on this philosophy, there could be no object which was not the product of spiritual activity. And secondly thought is itself a kind of action. The activities of thought and action then mutually necessitate and imply one another. It might be said, though I am not sure if Croce would accept this way of putting it, that they are really one activity looked at from different points of view or with an interest in different elements.

The theoretic, like the practical activity, can be divided into two grades or stages. Of these the lower is the apprehension or construction (for I think Croce is bound to use the words as if they meant the same) of the individual or sensible object; the higher is the apprehension or construction of the universal or intelligible object. The former is intuition or art; the latter is science, philosophy or thought. But thought is not pure creation; the science or philosophy it produces is no doubt something new but it is made out of a material supplied to it by the lower stage of theoretical activity. We might apprehend individuals without thinking universals (though perhaps in developed experience we never do so), but we cannot think universals till we have apprehended individuals. Is then the apprehension or construction of the individual pure creation or is it too the construction of something new indeed but only out of materials given to it? Croce appears to accept the second alternative. On his idealist presuppositions of course he must reject any idea of an external physical world arousing sensations in the mind. What then can the material be to which the aesthetic activity—the lower of the two theoretical activities—gives a form, such that what results from the union is that apprehension of an individual object which Croce identifies with the aesthetic experience? The answer is that it is feeling. When the theoretical or contemplative

activity is applied to crude feeling a synthesis occurs which results in the intuition of an individual image. So long as this intuition is undisturbed either on the one hand by any thought,—any assertion or denial of its place in the world of connected reality—or on the other hand by any practical activity, whether economic or moral, so long in fact as we merely contemplate the individual image, our experience is aesthetic and the object is, in the wide and proper meaning of that word, beautiful.

Clearly the word "feeling" is here used in a rather special sense. When we speak of "a feeling" of religious reverence or patriotism or love, we are speaking of very complicated experiences involving already much practical and much intellectual activity, certainly of the "intuitive" and also probably of the "universal" kind. The crude feeling of which Croce speaks he can merely describe as blind movements of attraction or repulsion, of which we only become conscious in the act of contemplating, intuiting or expressing them by words or the other languages of sensible imagery. There are plenty of difficulties here, but I want at present to confine myself to the criticisms brought by Professor Gentile from his own point of view.

Professor Gentile contends that this whole theory makes assumptions or acceptances which are inconsistent with a thorough-going idealism. Idealism can accept no reality except thought or spirit, which is consciousness, self-consciousness and activity absolutely free, that is to say unlimited and undetermined by anything other than itelf or over against it, which it finds but does not make. Croce on the other hand, as Professor Gentile argues, asks us to accept as a fundamental reality the fact that there four grades or stages of spirit. But why four rather than two or five or a score? The only answer could

be that by an immediate intuition we find in experience that such is the fact. But, on Professor Gentile's view, intuition, immediacy, matters of fact, are all relics of an empirical or realistic theory which supposes that something is " given " to thought, something outside it and independent of it, which it simply has to recognize and can recognize without transmuting. That this given matter of fact should be nothing physical but a constitution of spirit or a law of the spirit's activity, like Kant's categories and forms of perception, is no palliation.

If there were any reality preceding and conditioning or determining the act of thought in which my being is indisputably here and now real, then, according to Professor Gentile, two consequences would inevitably follow (or one consequence which may be described in two ways). First, such a reality outside or independent of our thought must be eternally unknowable to us, for what we know is our thought or thinking and nothing else, and to assert that we know of something which we can never know is absurd. Secondly, if what we had to think depended on anything other than this act of thinking itself, —on the nature of some independent real object of thought—then thought would not be free but caused or conditioned. Thought would then be part of the supposed mechanical order of science where everything is what it is because of what preceded it *ad infinitum*. Values would be illusions. We could not do anything because it was right or believe anything because it was true, but every state of mind would be as blindly and brutally necessary as a change in the position of a stone. Professor Gentile holds that there is no tenable position between his own thorough-going idealism and a materialism which, since it must fall into the contradiction of behaviourism, is itself untenable. He regards Croce's philo-

sophy as fundamentally dualistic and therefore untenable.

On the same lines he also criticizes Croce's conception of crude feeling. This also is something immediately given to the spirit not created by it, not an activity but a passivity which is the pre-condition or material of activity; and the fallaciousness of such an idea is betrayed by Croce's insistence that feeling in itself is, like Kant's sense-manifold, unknowable until it has received the form of intuition. For first, it is absurd to pretend that we know of the existence of something whose nature we know nothing whatever about. And secondly, to suppose the existence of any such thing outside of and independent of thought is to reduce thought to a *part* of reality, conditioned and necessitated by the other part, and therefore incapable of the self-determination in which freedom, goodness and truth are realized. To put Professor Gentile's view of his difference from Croce in a phrase of his own, his reality is immanent in the thinking act, Croce's transcends it.

Professor Gentile's theory may be criticized, as was indicated above, by questioning his fundamental idealist principles. But our present purpose will best be served by seeing what account of beauty his own theory allows him to substitute for Croce's and asking which, on its own merits, seems best to describe the facts; a method of criticism which Professor Gentile, somewhat unexpectedly, allows to be admissible.

I must try to state Gentile's theory, which I have hitherto mainly indicated by contrast with Croce, in a few sentences. These must necessarily be inadequate. Only thought is real. Thought is only real in the concrete thinking act as experienced from within. "Dead thought", a resultant looked at from outside, is an object of thinking, not thinking itself. Thinking is an act or process (though not in time)

which creates itself. Its self-creative becoming is a synthesis or dialectic of self and not-self, subject and object. The self comes to be, which is the same as becoming conscious, by positing an object; but this object is all the time itself, and therefore consciousness is always also self-consciousness which is perfected in the complete understanding of the object attained by the idealist realization that the object and subject are one, not in a bare or static identity but in a dialectical process. How on such a view is art or the experience of beauty to be distinguished from science and philosophy or the experience of truth? Certainly not as being the consciousness of a different kind of object nor as being a different kind of consciousness. For there is no consciousness but thinking and no object but that created by thinking, namely thought. If then there is such a thing as art or beauty,—and for the fact that there is Professor Gentile does in fact appeal to experience,—there can be nothing that is not art or that is not beautiful. This he accepts in so many words, but with a modification. "Everything is art—just so far as it is art." Art or beauty then is a certain aspect or moment in everything that is real, in every act of thought. It is the moment or aspect of feeling (*sentimento*). And feeling is the purely subjective element or moment in every act of thought, whereas the objective element is cognition or understanding. The objective element is not absent in poetry or in dreams, for the poet and the dreamer alike believe for the moment in what we call their illusions. The subjective element is not absent in philosophy or science, which are barren and empty if they are not deeply felt. It is only when the dream is over, when we are no longer in the poetic ecstasy, that from the standpoint of a wider and more coherent thought we can say they were "only dreams", "pure poetry", "mere imagination",

"just a feeling". To quote Professor Gentile, art or beauty is "the amount of self a man puts into his thought"; "art is not the expression of feeling, it is feeling", it is "thought in the form of feeling"; it is the inseparable body of thought. Everything then, that is, every spiritual activity, is beautiful just as it is also true.

No reality then is without beauty, all reality is art, since there is no thought without feeling, no object without a subject. But all concrete reality is more than art and beauty. When then do we speak distinctively of beauty or of art? Apparently when for some reason our analytic and abstracting attention rests on the subjective element or aspect in our past thinking act rather than on the objective. Both must have been present or there would have been no consciousness. Only at a higher or clearer stage of consciousness (thought) can we criticize the lower (the dream or the aesthetic experience) which in its day *was* thought and say that the objective or cognitive element was comparatively deficient owing to lack of self-criticism and of reference to a wider coherence. All concrete thought (all reality) has beauty, but it has also truth and goodness. Pure beauty, like pure truth or goodness, is only discoverable by analysis of the concrete; it is therefore abstract and dead, something thought of from outside not lived. To suppose that such pure beauty could ever by itself have concrete reality would be error. But since there is no reality but thought, no thought can be false while it is being thought but only when it is superseded and criticized from outside.

I think Professor Gentile is justified in pointing out that Croce's system is inconsistent with the fundamental presupposition of his idealism. But I do not think he has succeeded in escaping inconsistencies equally serious. And I do not think the account he

gives of the aesthetic experience is so true as Croce's. I will take the latter point first. According to Croce, we find beauty in any object of sense or imagination so far as it merely expresses, embodies or reflects our feelings, or so far as we can read our feelings into it. We do not find beauty in any such object which is an object of desire or of thought;—that is to say whenever we are concerned with the truth, use or goodness of what we are perceiving or imagining. According to Professor Gentile, we find beauty in every activity of our spirit just in proportion to the subjective vigour or energy put into that activity. Beauty, he says, is not the expression of feeling, but feeling. It would not be "emotion recollected in tranquillity," but emotion. There is truth here in the contention that often the artist is not consciously aiming at beauty or the expression of feeling, but is convinced of a mission or a philosophy. But when this is so, the beauty he produces, like a child's motion is rather natural than artistic. And the receptive, sympathetic attitude to art is not that of conviction but of an enthusiastic suspension of unbelief. For natural beauty, Croce's theory is much the more apt; here Professor Gentile's rhetoric is peculiarly elusive. Nor do I understand how he would avoid concluding that the man who acts or plans whole-heartedly under the sway of lust or passion is experiencing beauty as much as one who watches a tragedy; the savage in battle as much as one enjoying the dance, the jealous lover as much as the reader of *Othello,* the desperately struggling sailor as much as the man who watches the sublime storm. I suppose we should find ugliness also in every activity of our spirit in proportion as the objective element of understanding or practice outweighs this subjective element of feeling, in all those experiences where the object, as Professor Gentile says, is taken to transcend our experience, as it is in science

and religion. I never feel sure whether the "self" which is identified with feeling and beauty is meant to be the spirit in its primal integrity before it develops itself into "self" and "object", that is to say the transcendental ego, or the "self" which is dialectically distinguished from the not-self. It clearly ought to be the latter. The ambiguity is somewhat similar to that of Schiller's theory.

Professor Gentile might reply to all this that, since in every concrete act of thought there is created a self, there is present in it feeling or beauty; and since there is also created a not-self, there is present truth or ugliness, but that, as these in the concrete act of thought are synthesized, the self and the not-self, the truth and feeling, the ugliness and beauty are not distinguished. They are only distinguished by a subsequent analysis when the original act of thought becomes object of another act of thought. It is, then, only the critic, no longer experiencing the beauty, who distinguishes it from truth or from ugliness; as he alone distinguishes truth from falsehood or from feeling, also because he is no longer experiencing any of them; and he alone distinguishes a self, which is no longer his own thinking self, from an object which is no longer his. But since the whole past thought which is the object of his present analysis is created by his present act of thinking it has no reality outside that act, and to suppose that it ever had is realistic error. It seems to me to be the logical conclusion of this theory that there is no such reality as the experience of beauty, there is only the necessary critical or analytic error of asserting that there has been such an experience. Whenever we judge a past act of thought to have been erroneous, we judge that it lacked objectivity. What is left is its subjectivity; it was not true but beautiful. All detected errors then are beautiful,

and nothing else is. But detected error is dead. I suppose this is "treacherously going behind the author's back."

I should like now to ask briefly whether Professor Gentile has himself avoided the inconsistencies which he finds in Croce's theory. To treat this question fully would involve a complete metaphysic and theory of knowledge. Gentile's contention is that we must assume or accept as matter of fact nothing whatever but the one fact which is self-evident, namely the fact that there is a thinking—*Cogitatio fit.* But thinking *is* the subject-object relation. From this he argues that the sole reality is the one thinking act which creates its own object; that seems to him the only explanation of the way in which the subject-object relation, which is indisputably real, could arise. Many arguments, not all mutually consistent, have been used by various philosophers to support more or less similar conclusions. Others have drawn different conclusions. At any rate we certainly are not directly conscious of the dialectical process, by which self or subject and world or object (including other selves) are said to be produced, in the same way in which we are directly conscious that we are thinking. Such a dialectical process, then, is not the thinking act but an object of thought. To take it as real outside the thinking act which thinks of it, that is to say, to take it to be the true explanation of how that thinking act arises, would surely be open to precisely the accusation of transcendence which Gentile brings against Kant, against Croce and against the realists. It may be possible to think his theory better than theirs on its merits, but theirs cannot be simply ruled out, as he supposes, without ruling out his own and indeed every theory. He remarks, for instance, that Kant's critical method may succeed in deducing the phenomenal world of experience, but that the transcendental

forms and the manifold of sense remain undeduced, they are merely given, things in themselves. And he makes the same criticism on Croce's forms of spirit and on his crude feeling. But it is hard to see that his own dialectic of the spirit is in any better case. It has to justify itself against rivals by showing itself to be the best explanation of the given fact of thought. And the argument on which he continually falls back for this purpose is the old argument, so unfortunately emphasized for polemical purposes by Berkeley, that we can only know our own ideas. There are better arguments than that for idealism and Berkeley knew, or came to know, some of them, but he was content to employ this one because its appeal was so obvious for the purpose of debate, though it cut the ground from under all his others. Because of his reliance on this superficial dogma, Professor Gentile has to maintain that, though the thinking act is a development, it is not in time but creates time or has time within it; that the past is constructed in the present thinking act; that there is no error but detected error, and therefore in fact no error at all. Though he constantly speaks of progress and the lofty destiny of the spirit (not, we must suppose, to be accomplished in time) his position both in metaphysics and ethics, seems to me more profoundly sceptical than that of either Hume or the pragmatists.

My main reason then for preferring Croce's aesthetic to Professor Gentile's is one which would, in the latter's eyes, condemn us both. It is that Croce's seems to me on the whole to stand on its merits as a description of aesthetic experience, and not to be distorted by the *arrière-pensée* of a metaphysical dogma which has been elaborated and accepted as final before the evidence of aesthetics (or for that matter of ethics) has been considered. In other words, if we did not accept Croce's whole philosophy, we should still find

much of his account of beauty strikingly convincing on its merits. So far as Professor Gentile's aesthetic differs from Croce's, I should see no reason whatever to accept it unless to enable me to accept his whole philosophy. But perhaps the two differ less than Professor Gentile would make out. For Croce, beauty is the form given by thought (in the widest sense) to the matter of feeling; for Professor Gentile, it is the form given by feeling to the matter of thought in the widest sense. But he tells us also that feeling, as contrasted with thought, is our body or the body of nature and that thought is the form of spirit. The fact is that, as Professor Cook Wilson has reminded us, in such a connexion " form and matter are metaphors and cannot be a final explanation of anything."*

It is not unnatural, then, for the plain man to wonder that such acrimonious difference should arise over the use of these " second intentions." But in reality the acrimony which they occasion has a much deeper cause. The apparent point of quarrel is only a symptom of an underlying hostility which is fundamental enough. Even in pre-Socratic philosophy we find the antithesis, which Plato tried to reconcile, between the One and the Many. These rival emphases have sometimes been thought characteristic, the first of Oriental and the second of Western temperament. But shunning so wide a conjecture, we can yet recognize this conflict throughout the metaphysics, the theology, the ethics and the political theory of Europe. In each of these we find the type of mind that, acclaiming the unity and reality of the whole, grudgingly and of necessity finds a corner of appearance in which to shelve the claims of the individual and the part; but we also find the type that, admitting the unity, execrates the obliteration and confusion of

* *Statement and Inference*, I. p. 65.

differences. If idealism, as contrasted with realism, may be taken as a manifestation of the tendency to prefer the wood to the trees, it is peculiarly instructive to find the old conflict blazing up in the heart of idealism itself. One school of idealists is content if all reality is spiritual and if spirit can speak to spirit. The other sees here a treachery worse than open hostility, and knows no salvation for those who take seriously the division of persons. For them subject and object must be not only akin but identical; in science, the knower knows nothing but himself; in history, he remembers nothing but the present; in ethics, he recognizes no "world of claims and counter-claims"; in politics the individual has no rights against the "real will"; in aesthetics all things not only may be but are always beautiful. The one task of this philosophy is to show how all these illusory distinctions arise. And in showing that they were bound to arise, it recognizes a necessity, even though it be a necessity of thinking, which is its own refutation.

GEORGE WHITSETT

WARNINGS TO A MAN AMONG MIDGETS

Beware, little Strephon, beware —
When you go in omnibuses—
Of curly sinecures, with fringes on their lashes.
Beware of cocoamanganate, fluids and peristalsis.

Do not go near the cerial moon
Or mahogany in the fall.
Step gingerly when you pass the interior of a star.
One time I met an old man, clothed all in lather,
Assuring his mount that he had ridden far.

The world is riding tandem with its postulated self.
Crocuses are difficult in this kind of weather.
Whenever you go walking with a lynx,
Carry stymies, powdered soot, and bells—
But, Strephon, beware,
Beware of almost everything.

Drawing by D. Spiegel

LESLIE REID

ACROSS THE HEATH

While they were in the train, the gliding panorama of fields and woods was lit from time to time with sunshine. True, they were but gleams that broke fitfully through the grey murk, yet they served unconsciously to quicken the spirit of adventure, which burned like a small flame in the boy's heart. The old man, his grandfather, paid no heed to the scenes beyond the windows. He sat bolt upright in the opposite corner of the carriage, and sucked at his stubby clay pipe. It was this pipe that drew Young Will's attention, whenever he was not gazing out of the window; for its stem was very short, and its bowl in consequence in rather alarming juxtaposition to the smoker's whiskers. It at least caused the boy to speculate as to the inflammability of human hair.

There came a grinding of brakes. The old man hurried over to the far window, lowered it, and leaned out. Withdrawing his head, he screwed his neck round, and addressed his grandson :

" Here we be! Here we be! This is where we gets out, son. "

They descended in a tumultuous manner, so that Young Will received the impression that the train grudged the necessity for stopping at that unimportant station.

The sun was now completely obscured. The air was still, and reeked of moisture and blown leaves. Young Will paused to investigate the phenomenon of the gravel underfoot, which crunched in a satisfactory manner; but his grandfather grasped him by the hand and hurried

towards a gate in a white paling. Here a bored porter took possession of the railway tickets; and the two travellers emerged upon a puddled road, littered with horse-chestnut leaves.

" Put yer best foot afore ye, now, son, " said the grandfather. " We've a tidy walk 'crost the heath. "

" What's heath, grand'fer ? " asked the boy.

" 'Tis a wide, lorn piece o' land what ain't no use to nobuddy, what nobuddy lives on. "

" An' are we gawen to see Missis Widdy on the heath ?"

" Ay, son. We be. "

" An' does Missis Widdy live on the heath ? "

" Ay, ay, son. "

" Then somebody do live on the heath, gran'fer. "

" Surely, surely. Missis Widdy do. "

Young Will, puzzled yet knowing instinctively that it were wiser not to seek enlightenment, contented himself with gazing about him. They had left behind them the trim countryside of field and hedgerow. In front lay the primeval, heathery moor, and they approached it now after climbing a slight incline. A uniform, brownish waste, spaciously undulating, stretched on all sides to misty horizons. Slate-coloured clouds trailed very low over the world, and their density was visibly increasing.

They came presently to a beaten pathway, leading obliquely to the right. The old man halted and peered with half-closed, rheumy eyes across the waste, to where the pathway vanished over a shaggy ridge.

" This be our road, son, " he said presently, " 'crost be this here path. "

Young Will observed that a thick cloud had descended to within a few feet, as it appeared, of the ridge on the horizon. The thought came into his mind that if he were now standing on that ridge his head would be among the clouds. It seemed to give promise of a novel sensation.

" Come on, grand'fer," he said, " let's hurry."

But the old man refused to be hurried. He had sat down on a large stone by the roadside, and was now slowly filling his pipe.

"Hurry!" said he scornfully, "ye'll be sorry if we begins hurrin' now, son. Ye'll be wantin' me to carry ye afore we gits to... to where we're gawen."

"No, I won't gran'fer. I won't *never* want ye to carry me."

"Don't ye be too sure now."

The grandfather rose to his feet at last, and they set off along the path. It narrowed before long, so that there was not room for the two of them abreast. Young Will began by walking in the heather, while the old man kept to the path. But he soon discovered this to be very fatiguing for his short legs, and was forced, much against his will, to follow immediately behind his grandfather. The position was irksome to him because it was not easy to keep his eyes on the cloud-capped ridge in front. The old man walked slowly, and the boy was eager to be pressing on; but he found after a while that the necessity for haste no longer existed, for the cloud had descended, and now rested on the summit of the ridge. If he stood there now, he thought, he would be completely enveloped in cloud. He found it difficult to decide whether this prospect would or would not be more interesting than the first. He appealed to his grandfather.

"Look, gran'fer," he said, "the cloud's comed right down there in front."

"Ay, the mist 's gettin' thicker."

"Is mist cloud, grand'fer?"

"Eh?"

"Is mist cloud?"

"Ye'd do best to save yer breath, son. There's enough o' walkin' afore ye."

Thus discouraged, Young Will trudged along in silence for a while. For the most part his eyes were on

the coarse, grey cloth of his grandfather's top-coat; but from time to time he craned his neck to take note of the cloud on the horizon. The ridge was now completely hidden; and the mists on every side of them were creeping nearer. Young Will, studying the creases formed in the old man's coat by the movements of walking, noted a slow drift of moisture-particles visible against the background of the cloth. In the surrounding air they passed unseen. His interest in this phenemenon absorbed his attention for so long that when next he glanced up, he found that they were quite close to the cloud-bank. The path began to rise. In a few minutes they would be in the midst of that woolly opacity.

"Gran'fer," said the boy.

"What now?"

"Are we gawen up there?"

"Ay."

"Then we'll be right in the cloud, won't we, gran'fer?"

"Ay, son. I'm afeared we will."

"What will it be like, gran'fer?"

"Like? Why, all thick an'... an'... you'll see."

"Will we get lost?"

"Naw, naw. Leastways, not if ye don't talk so much."

They mounted slowly, and the mist closed in upon them at every step. Soon they were walking like grey ghosts in a ghostly world, in which there was neither sound nor any solid thing. The sky, the wilderness of heather and bilberry, the very earth on which they trod: all were blotted out. The one thing visible to Young Will was the form of his grandfather, plodding along in front. From every little woolly thread in the back of the old man's coat there hung a tiny bead of moisture. Under stress of his new excitement the boy was tempted to stray two steps from the path. He was surprised, and a little startled, when in a twinkling his grandfather had vanished from sight.

" Gran'fer, " he called, stepping back upon the path. The old man answered with a surprising faintness, but the boy was almost instantly reassured when the familiar form loomed over him.

" What is it? Where'd ye git to? "

" I... I.... "

" Don't ye never do that agin now. Keep to the path, or ye'll be lost, sure as sure. Unnerstan' me? "

" Yes, gran'fer. "

It seemed to young Will that they crawled for hours and hours through the mist, with nothing to guide them but the feel of the path beneath their feet. Occasionally there sounded from far above them the wild call of the curlew. It was very remote to their ears, dulled by masses of intervening fog, coming from a world where perhaps the sun was shining. Young Will was getting tired. He began to wish that the path were wider, so that he could walk beside his grandfather and receive the support of his hand.

" Is it far to go now, gran'fer? " he asked.

" Not so tarrable far, son. Tired, are ye? "

" No, gran'fer. "

They crept on. In places the path was rough, with outcrops of rock, which were encountered without warning in the mist. Once the grandfather stumbled and almost fell. Young Will's heart leapt into his throat as some heavy creature rose from under his feet, and blundered away through the swishing heather.

" What was it, gran'fer? " he asked, as soon as he could speak.

" Nawthen but a sheep, son, " was the answer.

They crept on. The mist showed no prospect of clearing. Young Will stole closer to the old man, and grasped the tail of his coat. This gave him at least the illusion of support. Presently a tall shape loomed up close to the path on their left. At sight of it the grandfather uttered a small chuckle of satisfaction.

" 'Tis Rolliver's Post, son. Won't be long now," he said.

" What's it for ? "

" 'Tis set there to mark where the path forks. We got to find that; then we takes the left. "

They peered about at the ground by the foot of the post, and soon found the junction of the paths. The left-hand branch began a slight descent, but it did not continue for long. They walked on level ground for what seemed another long period, and then started to ascend.

" Can I sit down, gran'fer ? " asked Young Will, a trifle faintly.

His grandfather did not answer him, for just at that moment they heard, with startling suddenness out of the mist ahead, the crowing of a cock. Coming to them there, damp and weary, lapped on every side by the clammy fog, it was a marvellously cheering sound; speaking of warmth and shelter, and the security of human presence. Almost immediately afterwards they topped the rise, and there appeared before them a row of pine trees, in blurred outline. Drawing nearer, they saw, to the right of the trees, the roof-ridge of a house and a chimmey.

" This be it, " said the old man jubilantly. " This be Missis Widdy's. "

His elation left him with the words; he glanced quickly at Young Will, and the boy heard him mutter,

" What'll she say, eh ? What'll she say ? "

The mist seemed to be lifting as they approached. They could see the slates of the roof, gleaming with moisture. Neatly curtained windows took shape within the hazy bulk of the house. They heard a subdued clucking of chickens, and Young Will stumbled into a hen-coop. The grandfather stopped suddenly and

clapped his hand to his face. A thin rope stretched across in front, on a level with his chin.

" 'Tis Missis Widdy's washing-line I bin an' walked into. We're off the path, son. "

They found a pathway of beaten soil, lined on both sides with whitewashed stones. This led them to a green-painted door with a brass knocker. The old man knocked sharply twice, and the sound was followed immediately by the barking of a dog somewhere to their left. They could hear the rattling of its chain. The fog was now lifting momentarily. There came the sound of brisk footsteps from within; the door was opened, revealing to them the figure of a woman. She wore a black dress and a spotless white apron. Her face was broad, much wrinkled at the corners of the blue eyes, and her greying hair was brushed back over a high white forehead. The line of her mouth was firm and straight.

" Well, Bess.... " the old man began.

" Why, it's you, is it ? " said the woman. " Come in. Come in. Why, who have ye... ? "

She stopped short, and her jaw tightened.

" Is it... ? Is it... ? " she stammered.

" Ay, Bess, " said the old man, a little faintly. " 'Tis him as I told ye of. 'Tis your Will's boy. "

" Not mine. Never no man o' mine. "

She stood blocking the doorway, frowning with perplexity and indecision. The door-latch rattled beneath her hand.

" Well, ye'd best come in out o' the damp, " she said at last. She stood to one side and admitted them, then closed and latched the door slowly. Turning, she addressed the old man.

" Ye've forgotten all I said to ye, gaffer. That's clear. "

" Nay, Bess, I've not, " replied the grandfather, peering

at her with blinking eyes. "I know well ye said ye'd have nawthen to do wi' the lad, but he's a good lad, an'... an' now his father's dead, why I brought un to ye, so's ye'd see him."

Her eyes avoided Young Will. With both hands she worked at a corner of her apron, rolling it tightly between fingers and thumbs. Then she spoke slowly in a whisper, staring at a china teapot on the table.

"He's a child o' sin," she said.

"Ay, but 'tisn't no sin o' his. My Will treated ye bad. I know that."

"He lef' me," continued the woman, still in an undertone. "He lef' me." Her manner changed. She turned and spoke sharply to her father-in-law. "What's the child to me, eh? What's he to me? I've done wi' all that. Put it behind me, an' taken back me old name."

Young Will, all this while, had been staring round-eyed at the woman. He was a little afraid of her. But now, as they continued to talk, neglectful of him, within the doorway, he felt his weariness beginning to overcome him. His legs ached intolerably. He was cold and wet. In the hearth a fire was burning, and before it a patchwork rug covered the brick floor.

"Gran'fer," he said, "can I sit down?"

He walked over to the rug, and sank down upon it before the fire. Instantly the woman was kneeling before him.

"Pore lamb," she said, "pore lamb. He's dead tired. Ye did wrong, gaffer, to make him walk' crost the heath, wi' the mist an' all."

The boy lay still and yielded himself to her ministrations. She removed his wet shoes and stockings, and wrapped up his feet in a blanket. Then she settled the old man in a chair beside the blaze, and set to work preparing a meal. She laid bread, butter and scones on the blue-checked table-cloth, and placed the kettle to boil upon the fire.

Later she put Young Will to bed in an upper room. The mist had cleared from the heath, and just before the boy fell into the dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion, he saw through the window the tufted tops of pine trees, and a star that twinkled above them.

R. L. MÉGROZ

SECOND THOUGHTS

More free than anything are clouds, I said :
Across their breathing bosoms as they run
They fling rich mantles cast off by the sun
When, tired of splendour, he gets him into bed;
And when his queen her silver veil has shed
Clouds drop the gold and scarlet and they don
That glittering gauze, and as a child for fun,
Nightgowned, the cold long roads of space they tread.

Plastic and irresistible winds that start
From roofless caverns round the lost clouds ring.
Beaten and torn the wanderers are pressed
Along undeviating roads that rest
On empty sky. I ask : Is any thing
Less free than clouds, except the mortal heart ?

KARLTON KELM

BILL AND CARRIE

Bill Bailey turned the key in the lock of his shop a half-hour before closing time, and sauntered up the street that would bring him to the home of Carrie Hogan. He was wondering what he'd say to Carrie and her Ma.

He wasn't used to being around places where people had just died. His own folks had gone before he was old enough to be expected to say anything; so he had just sat back on his little stool watching the people make funeral faces, watching the bowls of carnations flicker under the candle light from the coffin, watching the hole in the rug that poor dead Ma had always covered with a pedestal of wax flowers which an aunt from up-state had found necessary to move so as to make room for the all too cumbersome coffin.

But Carrie would expect him to say a lot—even more than he meant, like her swell friends did—and he couldn't, he'd choke on it and she'd think he couldn't feel anything. She wouldn't believe it was because he felt too much that he had stayed away until after the funeral. She wouldn't know how he'd sat watching in the dark under the catalpa trees—the people coming and going, the cracks of light coming from the parlour window with the drawn shades where *it* was laid out, and Carrie's window around to the side where her shadow flitted by back of the frilled curtains. Even after the last friend had gone, and Carrie's light was out, and the night grew tall and chill, he kept sitting there, sorry for Carrie, sorry for her Ma, because

they were wanting to feel sorry for losing a man neither of them had ever loved.

He could see the Hogan house now. Not a bad dump. Kind of aristocratic with its cupola. A coat of paint and some new shingles would fix it up nice. But old man Hogan had done fine to keep it up as well as he did, considering his salary, and putting Carrie through high school and all. And folks claimed he had a little wad stuck away somewhere to take care of him when he couldn't work any more. That was a lot of bologna. They always said that about people who didn't go into debt spending their money. By God, he hoped the old man hadn't left them a cent. If he couldn't win Carrie one way, he would another. It wasn't as if she didn't love him under it all. They wouldn't have done what they did back in high school if it weren't the real thing. If she hadn't been so nice to him lately, it was because those swell friends of hers turned her head with their making over her dancing at that May fete. She'd forget about her crazy talk of money and a career once they had a baby—one they wouldn't be ashamed of——

He was working very hard at his little shoe-shining parlour, but it didn't seem to bring in much money. Anyway not enough to support Carrie well. Maybe it was a little foolhardy, a little risky the way he had gone into the other business on the side, outside shoe-shining hours. He mustn't take too many chances for Carrie's sake. Yet he must have more money to get married decently on.

Now he was turning into the Hogans', up the little brick walk with the grass growing through. But he wouldn't stay long, for he was very tired. That two hundred mile trip last night just about did him up. A sign in the parlour window hit him like a too big swallow of moon. FOR SALE. Then the old man didn't leave them anything. The thought spirited him as the moon did after it reached his stomach. And a moon dream floated across his brain. He, Bill Bailey, married to

Carrie Hogan, living with Carrie and her Ma in the Hogan house, keeping up the place, painting the porch, shingling the cupola, singing, and a baby boy with yellow curls and his mother's eyes watching him, cooing at him from his little place under the catalpas.

He rang the bell, and Ma Hogan was before him, kind of smiling, kind of sighing, and sniffling a great deal. "Oh, Bill!"

"Hello, Ma Hogan."

"Come in, Bill. Carrie, it's Bill!"

"Oh, Bill," and Carrie put down some trinkets she had been gathering together and came forward in a black dress with yellow daisies on the collar. She gave him her hand, and somehow he was a little disappointed. She wasn't mad at him. "Thanks for the gladiolas, Bill. It was sweet of you." Her eyes were hazy and seemed to look past him.

"That was nothin', Carrie." Bill didn't know where to look. "I wish I could do more than that for you." He looked in her eyes again, but it was of no use. He couldn't see her; she couldn't see him. Something was happening.

"Ma and I were busy packing."

"I didn't know you was goin' somewheres."

Carrie raised her brows. Ma Hogan explained: "Carrie needs a vacation. Her Pa's death was terr'ble on her."

Bill wanted to laugh, tell her to laugh too because that's what she felt like doing. She was happy. She was hanging on to something, and she was anxious for him to go, so that she could finish her packing. His stomach was sick and his head burned like the morning after he had been drinking moon. He couldn't keep from saying, "I didn't imagine she took it so hard."

Carrie's eyes flashed. Her slim body, with the narrow chest and deep sunken eyes, seemed suddenly charged with an electrical venom. She seemed to give off a thin curling smoke from her charged essence that enveloped

Bill's flesh, clogged his pores, and impoverished him, making him weak and helpless. "Is that why you didn't come before?" she sneered.

Then she had noticed he hadn't come. He felt a little better now, and he wouldn't say anything to anger her again. He said, "I see you're aimin' to sell the house."

"Carrie and me doesn't want to be tied down to any one place. Sort of come and go as we please, you know," pointed out Ma Hogan.

"Oh, I thought maybe you needed the money."

"Well, we don't," cried Carrie. "And it's nobody's business if we do."

There! He'd got her mad again. What was it? He wanted to hurt her, and he didn't want to hurt her, and all the time she was hurting him. "I didn't mean to butt in, Carrie. It's just I—I sort of feel like one of the family."

"You needn't feel that way any longer, Bill."

"Why?"

"It won't do you any good." And again smoke seemed to curl out of her. "Ma, get out of here while I tell him for once and for all."

"Carrie," warned Ma Hogan, "you hold your tongue and be decent to Bill," and her look seemed to insinuate different reasons why Carrie should be so, as she turned and left the room.

Carrie faced Bill. "Now see here, Bill, I know why you've come. You want to marry me, and you think now's your chance." The words fell from her lips like vitriol to Bill.

"Marryin' you?" he asked huskily.

"Yes. Why pretend?"

"How do you know I want to marry you?"

"You've always wanted to marry me and always will. You're that kind that gets set on a girl and thinks you've got to have her or nothing. It's just stubbornness. You're used to me; you're used to this house; and you're

aiming to come here and park the rest of your life because it's the easiest thing to do. It's easier than getting acquainted with a new girl. Well, it ain't going to be so easy because I don't want you." She stopped to watch how he was taking it. His face was expressionless. "Lord knows I've hinted enough that I'm through with you, but I guess some people gotta be told plain out."

Bill tried to speak. "I thought—I——"

"I know what you thought. You thought Pa left us without a cent and I'd have to marry you. That's how low you are. You'd take me that way. And you think I'd have you even then? Well, I'd rather sell myself to the first man I met in the streets, do you hear? Sell myself!"

Bill looked away. Her face was everything he hated in women's faces. He knew she was revelling in her outburst, revelling in belittling him. If he could only say something, do something to make himself revel in belittling her. His lips felt like cardboard, but the words came. "Well, that's a load off my mind, Carrie. I don't have to marry you to keep you and your Ma outta the poorhouse. And I won't have to feel I broke your heart either. I'm free to marry a regular jane what knows a regular guy when she sees one."

"You're lyin'!"

"I ain't. I got all I wanted outta you, and I got it damned easy. And what's more I got outta it all slick. Now I can get a new girl and throw you over second-handed to some other guy. Ha, ha, the joke's on you, Carrie Hogan!"

"You low-lived pig, that's a lie. You would have married me."

"Oh, ya? Well, make people believe it if you can."

"Then I could sue you."

"Oh, I guess you won't, seeing as how you're aimin' to have a career and all."

"I hate you, damn your dirty soul," screamed Carrie.

Bill could have choked himself. Yet he had hit her at last and that was what he had wanted. Now she would never know what she had done to him. He had the edge on her. Let her laugh that off.

Carrie was very quiet now. She came to him and put her hand on his shoulder. "Bill," she said simply, "in memory of the fun we once had together, promise you'll never say anything—you know, Bill. It all seemed so sweet and pure then; but now——" She shuddered.

He wanted to grasp the hand that was burning his shoulder and press it to numbness. He wanted to be a crack in the floor under her feet, a daisy petal on her collar. Then her hand was gone from his shoulder and her voice was hard when she said, "Bill, I wish you'd go, and the quicker the better."

But before Bill could get to the door Ma Hogan appeared, a worried look on her flabby face. "You mustn't mind Carrie, Bill. Come some other time, when she gets her nerves back."

"No, no," shrieked Carrie.

"Carrie's all in the air over her dancin'. She's goin' to Chi to take lessons and try for a musical show. Now her Pa's dead there's nothin' to stop her."

Bill fumbled for the door knob.

"You should have saw the elegant flowers Carrie's friends from Chi sent her." Ma's ample chest expanded with the thought of it.

"Did her swell friends send her Pa his coffin too?" And Bill slammed the door after him and walked back down the street.

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

EPISODE IN 1930

Mrs Tate was not exactly a procuress, but she gave parties. Her method of entertaining can be curtly described as gathering together a number of people. Any people—anyhow. Every Friday she supplied to all comers a fixed quantity of drink and sandwiches, which invariably ran out before the evening was over, so that that the number of her guests was a matter of small concern to her. She had never seen most of them before, and frequently never saw them again. Whoever wished could come and bring any one else. The result was that her small flat resembled once a week the six-thirty electric train bound for the suburbs.

It was at one of these "parties" that Ivan Murray first met Sara Ace. But it was not until the following Friday that they went away together.

Ivan was then twenty-seven. He had reached an age in which he believed that he was invulnerable at last. Victim all his youth of the most sickly proneness to sexual remorse, he seemed to himself lately to have become substantial and careless. He felt he could safely embark on any affair, and would come through without a scratch. He certainly deserved to. He had been in love about four times, and after each of them he had suffered long-drawn agonies of frustration. But in the last two or three years all that had changed. He found it easy to indulge without being too serious about it. He no longer expected more than palliation.

This, he believed, had come with material prosperity,

perhaps was even the result of it. Five months ago his play *Targets* had been produced, and although it was to come off in about a fortnight's time, it had passed for a success. It was one of those fatuous comedies in which the characters fornicate freely scarcely off the stage, and occupy the rest of their time in saying clever things backwards. So that after spending ten years or so in writing one after another quite unproduceable plays, Ivan found himself at last in comfortable circumstances, and was preparing to go into the country for a quiet month or two in which to write another.

Considering his reputation for success with the sort of woman who came to Mrs. Tate's parties, Ivan could not be called prepossessing. Lank hair, heavy eyebrows and a large sensual mouth were his most remarkable features; large womanly hands and long legs might also be noticed. But the quiet satiated happiness of the last few years had given him mental leisure, so that he threw sufficient energy into his life and conversation to be a lively and agreeable young man and mildly popular.

When he came into the most crowded and noisy room that evening at Mrs Tate's, he quickly scanned the faces about him, as though looking for some one. He was doing so, in a sense, but he did not know for whom. Every one who came there did that—entered, chose the person he found most attractive, and took a neighbouring seat. They were nice matey parties.

But Ivan saw no one worth the labour of a long struggle through the crowd, and went into the bedroom. The party always spread here, and the silver walls and purple curtains were obscured behind a screen of tobacco smoke. It was on a large hassock beside the fire that he saw Sara, and pushed straight through the people who divided them. It was as well at Mrs. Tate's, as he knew, to secure a companion for the evening as soon as possible. More people were always arriving.

"Have you got a drink?" he asked.

"I did have one," said Sara, "I think some one's taken it."

"I'll get you another."

He shoved past a wigmaker and two actors to the dressing table, on which, in confusion with Mrs Tate's powder, hairbrushes and a pair of garters, was a bottle of whisky and some used glasses. He poured some spirit into two of them, and returned. "No soda, I'm afraid," he said.

"Doesn't matter."

They both drank. Slowly their exchanges of remarks grew less casual, until she had told him about a car-smash she had been in and he had mentioned a play he'd just seen. She capped that with an inquiry of his name, and he gave her his card.

"Oh yes," she said, "you wrote *Targets*, didn't you? Is it still on?"

"Yes. Coming off in a fortnight."

"I must see it before it finishes. I've heard so much about it."

That pleased Ivan, and he looked slowly at her again. Thick straightish dark hair, starting unintelligently low over the forehead, quiet grey eyes, a nose with a slightly Arian droop at the tip, good teeth—a pleasant easy face. She was dressed in a plain frock, which showed her rather heavy contours and narrow shoulders. A big, inviting, rubber-like body, Ivan thought.

"Let's get out of here," he said presently.

"Right-o. It's awfully stuffy." She was not at all blasé, he considered; in fact, it seemed that Mrs. Tate's was her idea of a rather good party. He judged that she came fairly often, that it was the best evening in her week.

"Like to come and have some supper somewhere?"

She hesitated a moment. He thought she was unaccustomed to this. "Love to," she said at last, and they walked out into the Bloomsbury square. Nobody ever

said good-bye at those evenings, and anyhow Ivan did not know Mrs. Tate by sight.

Over supper Sara talked. Almost immediately she surprised Ivan by saying — " You know what my job is, don't you ? I'm lady's maid. Of course it bores me stiff. But what can one do ? I hate being kept."

He smiled. He had not thought of her as working for a living, somehow. But he was beginning to see touches of something... not exactly menial, not at all whorish, yet by no means leisured, about her. That was it—a lady's maid. He had never known one. Thank God for Mrs. Tate's—where you met every one. This was becoming interesting.

" You've tried it, then ? " he said.

" Oh yes. Several times. But you know men expect such a beastly lot. I'd far rather be independent. Besides —I'm out in the country, at Beaconsfield. I don't often come up to town. "

" What made you go to Mrs. Tate's to-night ? "

" Oh, I've known her for years. It's really the only home I've got. I always go up there when I'm in London. Something to do. "

Ivan was trying to imagine a life in which Mrs. Tate's flat was one's " only home." He said : " Got no people ?"

" Somewhere. Yes. Don't see much of them. "

He nodded.

" Worst of it is," said Sara, " I've got to leave my job at Beaconsfield. The housekeeper's got me the sack. I've got another three weeks there—then.... "

" What ? "

" I shall have to find somewhere else, I suppose. "

Ivan suddenly found himself considering. This was just what he wanted. If he were to take a cottage now, get this girl to come and run it. —" Look here," he said, " I've got to get away and do my new play. Almost at once. I thought of taking a cottage somewhere. How would you like to come down and look after me ? "

The girl considered. "On what understanding?" she asked, lighting a cigarette.

"Oh, business. I'll give you thirty bob a week. As to anything else... you can do as you like. It'll be up to you."

"All right," said Sara, "I'll come."

On which they went back to Ivan's flat.

. . . . . .

For the next few days he searched vigorously for a suitable cottage. On the Monday, he received a letter from her which amazed him. It was quite illiterate and very ardent. Sprawling X's suggested her ambitions at the end, and a reiteration of "dearests" and "darlings" faltered through the incoherent sentences. He pocketed it complacently. Really this was turning out extremely well—the girl was fond of him. He would have nothing to bother about for two months, would be comfortably adored, and could write his play.

By Tuesday he was savage in his search for a suitable cottage. Once having formed his scheme, he wanted to carry it out immediately. That was his character, impatient and concentrated. He had written twelve unsuccessful plays before *Targets* had been put on, working through them with unflinching ambition. As soon as one was returned to him as unsuitable, he was half-way through the next and so saved himself each time the acuteness of disappointment, never for a moment doubting that he would eventually succeed. So now, as he inquired and advertised for what he wanted, he quite shamelessly coerced his friends and acquaintances into the search. All his conversation in those three days was but polite preamble to the point at which he aimed. And on the Wednesday morning he heard of a Sussex bungalow which seemed suitable, and immediately took it.

He 'phoned Sara. "I've found a place," he said.

"Oh good. Where?"

"Sussex. I want to leave on Friday. Can you come then?"

"Rather. Of course."

"It'll mean getting out of your place by stealth?"

"I suppose so. I don't care."

"Sure?"

"Darling—of course not. Any time you like."

"Well, will you come round to the flat on Friday afternoon?"

She said she was dying for it, and he said a great deal more.

. . . . . .

If Ivan had ever expected more than fulsome and easy satisfaction, he was soon disappointed. Any glamour or mystery that had hung round Sara in London faded almost at once in Sussex. She gave herself with a docile grace which appeased, but almost irritated him.

Within two days of their arrival he found that she had no qualities of companionship at all. He had not expected of her the tired brilliance of undergraduate conversation, which was his staple recreation in London, but he had vaguely imagined that her chatter would be entertaining. He found, however, that even the voice she had used when he met her in town was the result of careful cultivation and changed into a broad and rather tiresome Southern dialect as she became more familiar with him. There was nothing quaint and piquant about her h'less monotone, and it became wearisome as she described her lady's maid life in a wealthy Jewish household.

The interest she had expressed in his play at their first supper, had been, he found, the merest politeness. She was totally illiterate. He would not have minded that if he had not been expecting something else. He was surprised and piqued at his own lack of perception when he had first met her.

Then one afternoon he took her for a walk across the downs. It was a young brilliant day with the wild exhilaration of lark-song above them, and the sea patched with shining white along the coast. Ivan, after a good morning's work and a light lunch, found it rejuvenating. Hatless he ran down a long slope, feeling the smooth turf light under his feet and gathering such momentum towards the foot of the hill that he could not check his speed.

Then he turned to wait for Sara, and saw her following his pace. Something in her big figure horrified him. Her hair, too, was loose, and flopped untidily about her head; her arms swung uncontrollably across her bosom, her legs were stout and scattered. She was laughing in a loud shrill voice, unconscious entirely of her gracelessness. She suddenly appeared to him as large, brainless, vulgar, and unbeautiful. And when she came up to him, he was conscious of a slight peevishness. But he drew her down on to the grass, and at once she turned up her loose lips for the long sensual kisses that she loved.

So it was that though her charm was gone, her crude attraction remained. He no longer, in the weeks that followed, tried to talk with her more than in flat and easy exchanges of remarks, but he caressed her perpetually. If he found himself irritated by her sleek stupidity, he at once took comfort in her body.

Meanwhile his work progressed. Every morning he settled down to his new play and was surprised at the easiness with which it ran from him. He had vaguely sketched out its theme before he had come to Sussex, but he found new and pithy ideas as he wrote — sudden points in the dialogue and schemes for a strong curtain which had never occurred to him till now. Evidently this life assisted it.

This, he thought, was exactly what he had always needed for his work. To be satisfyingly loved without obligations, to be given scope for all the indulgence he

wanted without the pain of love. Sara, he reflected comfortably, could not hurt him, he never worried about her. There were none of the torturing doubts he remembered with others, when he had watched every movement and listened to every remark, fearful lest it should argue a weakening in their bond. He remembered two years ago how, when a woman whom he adored had been irritable, or moody, he had tormented himself with the supposition that their love was done. But now there was no unhappiness. His relationships with Sara were like excretion, they were necessary to his health and gave him no concern.

True, it was unromantic. But after all, was that so important? He did not thrill to Sara, but he could not, he reflected, have it every way, and if she had been alluring and set his wildest emotions astir, he would have had all his mind filched from his work. Whereas now the play was developing splendidly. Altogether, he reflected, as she stooped to take off his shoes and replace them with slippers, altogether a most satisfactory situation.

He never quite made up his mind as to her real feelings for him. She professed, of course, the deepest adoration, but she did so with the quiet, toneless, kissful regularity of a prostitute. In his arms at night, her full flesh pressed comfortingly against him, she vowed she had never loved any one like this and swamped his mouth with her lips. But, if he had troubled to wonder about it, he would have been unconvinced by her assurances. She was obviously a girl who found love-making no trouble. But that she was more or less loyal he discovered when a young friend of his came down to stay a week and confessed that he had tried in vain to kiss Sara in the kitchen.

So, one way or another, he decided, she was attached to him. Whether it was an instinctive feminine attachment to the man who fed her, or whether she had private and romantic thoughts about him, he scarcely paused to question. Whatever it was, there was enough of it to

last out the time it would take to finish his play, which was all that really mattered. Like all artists who cheerfully sacrifice themselves to their work, he had no qualms about sacrificing other people.

At the end of the first month he was thoroughly used to Sara, bored and satisfied. The play was improving every day, and in the mental vigour which had been his recently he rewrote the first act, which had seemed good enough at first, but which he was now able to improve beyond measure. While he was working in the morning, Sara used to bring him in a pot of tea and he would turn from his MS. to kiss her when she knelt beside him and offered her lips.

"How are you getting on?" she would say with an indifferent glance at his pile of written sheets.

"Oh, all right." He never discussed his work with her. Then he would lazily pull her dress down over her narrow shoulders and kiss her big warm breast, and fondle her for a few minutes before he returned to attack the dialogue with renewed interest, while she went singing back to the kitchen.

Now and then he mustered some not very sincere shame. "Poor dear creature!" he thought. "She adores me, and I shan't be able to keep her much longer. I suppose she will soon get over it and go back into service, when we've returned. I'm afraid I've made use of her a bit. However... I was not the first, and it was really for the sake of the play...." And so on. He could be a hypocritical young man.

As he came towards the end of the last act he almost forgot her. He worked, as ever, slowly, but with an assurance and precision that surprised him. Looking at a page of his own MS. he was amazed to find scarcely an alteration in the wording. The peace of Sussex about him all day, and the restfulness of her arms at night soothed all his senses and left his mind uninterrupted. He could live completely with his characters, and did so,

and they accumulated towards the climax he had planned. His own life grew properly insignificant and obscured, as compared with the growing pile of paper on his desk.

Remotely he was aware sometimes of her eyes on him when he hurried in for a meal, and knew that she still cared for his comforts, but beyond that he was too preoccupied to bother about her. Once, pausing at a difficult joint in the dialogue, his eyes fell on a vase of flowers on his table, so that he thought warmly of her for putting them there, and went out to the kitchen to thank her. But at night he would lie twisting the sentences of his play in his mind, only conscious of some one kindly and comforting near him in the darkness.

Then one day he wrote "Curtain" at the foot of a page, and leant back in his chair excitedly to smoke a cigarette. It was done. He had written, he honestly believed, a moving and beautiful play. He was satisfied that he had said what he wanted to say, and had done his best. He pulled long draughts of smoke and read through the last few words again, like a woman peering down at the child she has just borne.

Then he called Sara. "I've finished it!" he said with irrepressible pleasure.

"Have you? Oh that's good, isn't it?" The polite indifference in her voice galled him and he went out for a walk.

When he returned, laden with cowslips, she was laying the lunch. He watched her rounded arms and little flat-fingered hands for a moment, as though he had not seen her for weeks. He felt himself drawn to her again. But when he kissed her she stayed passive and unresponsive in his arms. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," Sara said.

They were to leave for town three days later and they had made no plans for the future. It was more or less assumed that she should come to the flat for a time.

When they had last discussed the afterwards of this adventure, he had been awake to the possibility of some trouble in winding it up. He had hoped that she would make no difficulty in returning to her normal life. But now he found himself viewing the matter quite differently. He did not want to lose her, yet.

" What are you going to do when we get back ? " he asked her.

" Look for another job, I expect, " she said evenly.

" Well, there's no hurry for that, you know, You can stay at my flat. "

" Still..., " she said, " I may as well get something.... " They did not refer to it again in the busy time of packing and travelling that followed.

But when they reached London Ivan became definitely apprehensive. He could see beyond question that something in her had changed. She no longer watched him in a room, she no longer came up to him for kisses. At first he shrugged at this. Just as well, he thought. It had lasted out the play--it would make it easier for her to go back to her own life. Yet he was conscious of something canting in his attitude. He did not want her to be indifferent.

About three days after their return to his flat he went to the theatre. Sara had got out his evening-dress and kissed him indifferently before he went out. But during the evening he felt some of the symptoms of the old gnawing unhappiness which haunted the expiration of previous affairs. He tried to shelve it as inappropriate to anything so unemotional as his estimate of Sara, but it persisted and he refused a supper party to return to the flat. To-night, he thought, he must have it out with her, find out what had changed her during these last few days, and return to the complacent mutuality of before.

He found her already in bed, and hastily joined her. But she was lying with her back to him when he got in beside her and refused to turn round.

" Sara! "

" Mm ? "

" What's the matter ? "

" Nothing. "

" Well, why do you turn your back to me ? "

" I don't. It's just the way I happen to be lying. "

" Well, turn round! "

" I'm sleepy. "

That really surprised him. " But... you've never done that before.... "

" Don't let's argue. "

" But I want you to turn round. "

" I'm tired. "

Ivan paused a moment, wondering whether to prolong the futile argument. He was now thoroughly perturbed. He continued, " But listen, Sara. You must tell me what has caused you to behave like this.... "

" Nothing. " Her voice was dull and indifferent.

" But there must be something.... "

" No. I just don't feel like turning round. "

" What has upset you ? "

" Nothing, nothing. Oh, do go to sleep. "

Another long pause. Ivan felt the tired inhibited hysteria of baulked desire. He was puzzled, too. What had changed her after all this time ? She had always been so willing to please him.

" Sara.... "

" Well ? "

" You're making me terribly unhappy. "

" I'm sorry. " Cool, flat, emotionless.

" You know how nervy and wretched I get. "

" Well, I can't help it. "

" You can. You know you can put me right. "

" I'm nearly asleep. "

" I think it's rotten of you to go to sleep. I shan't be able to. You've thoroughly upset me. "

No answer. Ivan listened and presently in the darkness

he heard her breathing so smooth and regular that he knew she had dozed off. But he lay restless and wretched. And when he did eventually sleep it was to wake as it seemed a short while afterwards to find morning in the room, and Sara, with pursed lips and eyes averted, bringing him a cup of tea.

That evening, when Ivan got home from a troublesome day which he had spent in interviews and business, Sara told him that she had got a job.

"Already?"

"Yes. I go down to Wales with the family on Friday."

"You seem glad."

"I shall be glad to be out of London."

"And away from me."

"No." A long undecided monosyllable.

"Well, I think at least you might tell me what's wrong."

"There's nothing wrong."

He was exasperated by her silence—or was it incoherence? Was she determined not to "have a scene," or could not she explain the change in her? Or perhaps there was just nothing to explain.

She went out with a friend that evening, and left him to the mental agony which he could no longer deny. He was maddened with himself for losing his peace of mind. It had all been so easy and pleasant in Sussex. He could not understand how it was that the pulpy and rather charmless Sara could cause him now to see everything through a yellow mist of depression. He had thought himself past all that—most of all in dealing with any one like her.

He had not the zest to go out. He stayed in the flat fitfully trying to read. But nothing could hold his attention. After a few paragraphs his mind drifted back to her....

That night he made a last attempt to get her to explain. But she would say nothing. It was obvious that she was

hiding no remorse or even regret. She was coolly looking forward to her new job—oblivious of his neurasthenic misery. And she hated talking about it all, she said. Towards the end of another disagreement in which she answered with guarded negatives and suggestions of sleep, he lost his temper.

"Well, I think you've treated me abominably," he said.

"Why?"

"Well, don't you see how I'm suffering?"

"I can't help it."

"You can! Anyway, after to-morrow I don't want to hear from you or see you again!"

"All right." Still calm. Soon she was asleep again.

Early in the morning she got up and dressed. She had to meet her new employers and travel down with them. She kissed Ivan lightly and indifferently on the forehead in taking leave.

"I don't know why you should do that," he said, as though in a last attempt to lead her into a discussion which might eventually reconcile them.

But she sighed impatiently. "I must be off," she said. "Cheerio!"

"Good-bye," said Ivan.

That night he went to Mrs. Tate's. Almost as soon as he was in the room he was greeted by the young man who had first brought him here.

"Hullo—how's the new play?"

"Finished."

"Pleased with it?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You seem pretty cheerless."

"Yes. I'm damned depressed."

"Good Lord, are you? I never get depressed. What's it like?"

Ivan considered. All the inexplicable torture of the last few days... how could he say what it was like? It was

overwhelming, but it was indescribable. He lived only through it—nothing he did was dissociated from it—and all over a perfectly silly girl.

"Hell—I don't know. You can't explain it. If you've never had this damned neurasthenic depression you can't understand. Perhaps this will give you some idea. You know what toothache's like—real agonizing toothache that goes on and on, so that nothing you do can make you forget it for a moment? Well, it's like that, only *in your mind.* See?"

"I've got some idea. It must be pretty awful. What causes it? I thought you were doing so well...."

"I suppose I am. This was a girl, I think."

"A girl?"

"Yes. Met her here a couple of months ago...." He went on—and told his tale. "And the maddening thing about it all is," he ended, "it was not until I came back to town that I cared a damn about her. It was just animal satisfaction till then."

The young man, like all young men, was very wise. "Quite. But you can't help making some bonds when you live with any one like that. And when they're snapped it hurts."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think it's that. Anyway I feel suicidal now. After not caring a button for weeks! And she's gone off as indifferent as you please, after being wrapt up in it all! Extraordinary, isn't it?" he said wearily.

"The man recovered from his wounds, the dog it was that died," quoted the young man.

"Don't be trite," said Ivan savagely.

HORACE TITUS

MOULTING TIME

"What's the matter with Harold anyway?" I asked Mlle. Simon. She and her friend, Mlle. Barbe, had been arguing about the boy ever since I had come into the room and I wanted it to stop.

"He's a little savage," interrupted Mlle. Barbe before Mlle. Simon could open her mouth. "That's all he is. A little savage."

Mlle. Simon now chimed in. "You say that because you've seen him what you call 'running after girls.' I admit he's a little—well, a little crazy—but who isn't? When I was young," she confessed after a slight hesitation, "I used to go out with the boys. I still would, only now they won't have me," and she looked at me coyly.

Mlle. Barbe stood aghast. Such talk! She said nothing. There was obviously nothing to be said.

"Come, come," I interposed, "you shouldn't act that way about it, Mlle. Barbe. You must remember you're getting married yourself soon."

"I know I am," she acquiesced; "but—well, it's different."

"Of course it's different, you old turkey," came from Mlle. Simon. "You're fifty-two years old. That is nothing at all, is it? You've got no business marrying that man. It is insanity."

"Yes? Well, you're two years older than I am and you liked him from the first time you saw him.

You said so yourself. You did now. Don't deny it." And with this she made a triumphant grimace at me and towered melodramatically over Mlle. Simon—or as far over Mlle. Simon as was possible since in height she had the advantage of perhaps half an inch.

Mlle. Simon looked at me pityingly.

"You know," she said, "she does not understand a joke."

"Evidently," I said agreeably.

Mlle. Barbe looked dubious about the joke and cautiously continued. "You'd take him away from me if you could."

"Do you think I'm crazy? You're too old and I'm two years older. What do I want with a man? I've had my fun. You haven't—that's the trouble.

"And you won't either," she went on cruelly. "What do you think he wants with you?"

"You know," said Mlle. Barbe to me, "it is jealousy."

I nodded to her soothingly and winked at Mlle. Simon.

"Besides," resumed Mlle. Simon, thus encouraged, "if I really wanted him I could take him away from you easily."

"Never," said Mlle. Barbe quickly, like a frightened mouse, with not much conviction.

"Listen," said Mlle. Simon. "It takes charms to hold a man. What have you got? I am two years older than you—but look at the difference?" And she proudly patted her full bosom and passed her hands down her comfortable figure. "You. Just look at yourself." She wasn't sneering. She was trying to convince her friend of her mistake.

Mlle. Barbe looked down at her meagre frame and blushed.

"I can cook," she cried out fiercely, "I can keep

house. That's what a man wants. Besides——" and now she braced herself as if for a great effort, "I have a mind. I can talk to him—about music—about politics—about everything. Besides," her arms were now waving excitedly, "he loves me. He told me so. It's me he loves, not you. In spite of all that you say."

"Bah! you old turkey," exploded Mlle. Simon. "Keep house. How? What with? On your money? He has none."

"He has a job. Besides, he's often told me he wished I hadn't a cent in the world, so as to prove that he was marrying me because he loved me. He wants company. He's had lots of worries. He wants a home. Can't you see?"

"Yes, I can see," said Mlle. Simon, "He wants company. He's had lots of worries. So for good company and to put an end to his worries he marries you. I see perfectly. Only I see something else too."

Mlle. Barbe looked frightened. She had had seven "love affairs" before and they had all ended in disappointment. It slowly began to sink into her that this man too, in spite of all outward appearances, might also be after her money. After seven experiments she was beginning to be able to recognize the symptoms. I was astounded when one day, incited by the exhilaration of having won a game of chess from me, she related to me her seven affairs. They all had one point, one striking point, in common. The men—and they had ranged from Greek to Senegalese (although to tell the truth, she was a trifle reticent as to the black fellow)—had all wanted to marry her as quickly as possible. With a woman of passably good looks and strict moral upbringing this would have been comprehensible as the only means to an ardently desired end. With Mlle. Barbe

it was still comprehensible as she possessed a bank account of some four thousand dollars—not much—but hardly negligible to men leading the precarious existences of temperamental saxophonists or rheumatic engine-drivers.

For, as I have intimated, Mlle. Barbe was meagre. Even had she been less meagre and less horsey and less mousey and less chickenish (the number of animal analogies she was capable of suggesting was inexhaustible) she still remained Mlle. Pauline Barbe, in whose heart there was no corner for love.

I had said to her (on the occasion of her chess victory), "But look here, Pauline" (I had known her for years—since I was a small boy), "what do you want to get married for? You've got your music, you've got your books. They keep you occupied every moment of the day. You know you wouldn't give them up. Besides, you've lived until now without men—I'm sure you could never really love a man."

By music and books I meant the eleven musical instruments that reposed in the corners of her room, and about two hundred dark volumes of which *Extracts from the Masterpieces of English Literature* and *Gleanings from the Lives of the Musicians* were typical. As a result, she knew about the most private palpitations of all famous men from time immemorial—and there was no great work that she had not read. She was cultured. Some day she would write a story. She had a fine plot. It was to be about herself, her struggle against evil and the ultimate recognition of her success. All she needed was time. The talent was there. She could feel it. As for the musical instruments, they were all different—and she played them all with different degrees of inefficiency. Piano, violin, 'cello, flute, trombone, harp, drums—they were all there. Together, with compe-

tent people behind them, a fair small orchestra was at least conceivable. With Mlle. Barbe behind them, one by one, (the order was the same every day—it was always "so long for the piano, so long for the violin, so long for the 'cello, so long for the flute, and so long for the——" or whatever it was that came next), the only appreciable result was that the value of property within a radius of about two hundred yards of her house had had a sudden drop and had stayed low ever since. Yes—and of course there was voice culture. "So long for voice culture." Mlle. Barbe would some day be a prima donna. A première concertiste, too. She was fifty-two, but that was nothing. The public would wait.

Anyway, these were her interests. And that was why I had said, "I am sure you could never really love a man."

But she had refused to be discouraged. "I could," she had argued. "I know I could. I can feel it. I can feel it here," and she had tapped her flat breast with a long bony hand.

"Well then," I said maliciously, "if you're determined to marry this—well—this man, you'll have to move, won't you? There's no room at your place for two people living together."

Mlle. Barbe reddened and stammered, "Well, we are not going to—I mean we've decided that he will live where he is and I will go on with my music here. I wouldn't give up my music even for him." And she brightened for a moment and gazed affectionately at the eleven causes for the sparse inhabitation of the neighbouring houses. "He has a daughter too," she added.

"A daughter," I repeated. "I didn't know that.

"Tell me," I went on, "Have you ever been kissed? Really kissed."

She blushed some more and replied in her pathetic

chickenish way, "Why yes, Richard. In Alsace. Years ago. I was the brightest girl in the class. I had many admirers. I remember one—he wanted to marry me." She grew momentarily wistful, but immediately threw up her head and became serious. "But of course it was out of the question. I had my music to think of —my career."

Your music—your career—I thought. Poor thing!

"Listen," I finally said. "Think it over carefully —more carefully than you've ever thought over anything else. Then if you really think that this man—and his daughter—will make you happier than you are now with your music, then marry him. But for God's sake, think it over."

This little conversation we had had a few weeks before. Since then I had asked to meet the man. Perhaps after all he might be another pathetic little creature like herself and they might really want each other's company. We had arranged three different times for a meeting; but on each occasion he had contrived to absent himself on some pretext or other. Even Mlle. Barbe's confidence was beginning to waver—yet she was now defending him against the assaults of her friend.

"A fine man," Mlle. Simon was saying. "He is a superb man. He will come and live here with his whole family. You will see."

Mlle. Barbe was slowly realizing the possibility of such an event, but continued stubbornly. "He has a good job. Why should he do that? I tell you he told me just last week—when he came to take me out—that he wished I had no money at all—so that he could show me——"

"Yes, yes. We have heard that story," interrupted Mlle. Simon. "I suppose then he kissed you goodnight."

"He did. He did," cried Mlle. Barbe with a mixture of triumph and embarrassment.

Mlle. Simon and I looked at each other and laughed. We couldn't stop. We roared for some time and I put my arm around Mlle. Barbe's thin shoulders and patted her on the back.

"You vamp," I said.

Finally Mlle. Barbe was beginning to smile and in a little while the three of us were holding on to each other and roaring.

"Let's open a bottle of dandelion wine," suggested Mlle. Simon, wiping away her tears.

"Tell me, Pauline," I said after the third glass, "what kind of a job is it that the boy friend has?"

"Night watchman at the Taylor Trust Company," she replied and began to cough and choke on a suppressed giggle. The wine went up her nose and she spluttered some more.

"Night watchman," shrieked Mlle. Simon. "What a job for a loving husband."

"Yes," I laughed, "it looks as though you'll have to change your hours a bit."

Mlle. Barbe was enjoying herself. She poured herself out some more wine. "Night watchman," she giggled. "*C'est vraiment drôle quand on y pense.* But it's only in the summer. In the winter he does nothing."

Mlle. Simon suddenly grew serious.

"He does nothing, eh? How does he live? Tell me that. Where does the money come from? Tell me—what happens in winter? Does he sleep through the winter, this fine man? Like a bear? Does he hibernate?"

This was too much for Mlle. Barbe. She burst out laughing insanely until she slid off her chair and fell to the floor.

"Hibernate!" she roared. "My Albert. Oh, ho ho! Like a bear! Oh, ho ho!"

Mlle. Simon tried to look stern and practical. Mlle Barbe was rolling about on the floor shrieking. I had to go—to catch a train. As I looked back through the open door, I saw that Mlle. Simon had thrown herself down on top of Mlle. Barbe and, with their arms round each other's necks, they were both rolling about the floor, screaming with joy.

"Albert, my Albert—hibernating! Oh, ho ho!"

"You old turkey!"

A. L. ROWSE

THE APES

This is the day and this the magic hour
When apes, contemplative, do take the air.

Under the green lobes of the leafy glade
Darkling, the melancholy beasts parade :

Their native forest but a garden, whence
The velvet wallflower wind assails the sense.

Down this blind alley comes a sideling pair,
One serious green face, a vacant stare.

The other, arm-in-arm they walk or run,
The eternal father with the eternal son.

Another, lothe and sinuous, long of limb,
Hangs shrunking at the water's rim,

Dripping at mouth and fessle, harshly screams
Across the river, and disturbs the drums

Of birds that startle into lyric song.
No matter : he heeds nothing : needs not to sing :

He has his girl. Behind the shifty leaves
A flash of the eyes betrays the furtive loves.

A. L. ROWSE

Syringa blossoms drop on the honied air;
A young ape steals the sleeping petals there.

The females, gaudy of colour, chatter and grin
And chatter, while the inane bird cries again

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! in the wood to hairy ears.
A reflective ape regards himself with tears

In the mirror of a pool, and lifts his eyes
Slowly, with what contempt, with what surmise?

MONTGOMERY BELGION

THE HORRORS OF LITERARY SUCCESS

Many—very many—novels are published in these days, but their number is nothing to the number of those that are being written. Countless men and women—young and not so young—are devoting their spare time or their whole time to the manufacture of a first novel. Think of them—throughout the vast United States, all over England, all over France and Germany, in the spacious quiet of the libraries of country mansions, in the chilliness or stuffiness of poky garrets, on the dining-tables of small flats, in college studies and in hotel bedrooms, there they are all busily pounding their typewriters. No novel nowadays is written in any other way, though the "arrived" may, instead of typewriting, dictate. These countless men and women are mostly striving, not for the pleasure of stringing words together, but with a quite extraneous object in view. They are writing, and not merely writing, but writing novels, because they hope to achieve fame. It is with the novel—as to this everybody agrees—that to-day one can most easily come knocking at the door of literary success and be admitted.

Yet, if literary success is most definitely what these men and women are after, few if any have the least notion of what that success would be like once it had been won. We have been made familiar with the nature of success in business, in science, on the stage,

but what happens to novelists once they have been crowned with the laurels of popular favour has hitherto remained a secret. Now, however, this secret has been given away in two books which have appeared almost simultaneously in England and the United States respectively.

The aspirants to literary success would do well to study and ponder them. For it turns out, according to them, that to be a really popular novelist is just hell.

One of the books is *My Arnold Bennett*, by "Marguerite, his Wife" (London : Nicholson and Watson); the other is *Half a Loaf*, by Grace Hegger Lewis, formerly Mrs. Sinclair Lewis (New York : Horace Liveright).

The propriety of publishing such books may well be questioned. Mrs. Marguerite Bennett's purports to be an account of the joint life led by her and her late husband from the time of their marrying until they separated. Although she was for years in the world of letters, it is evident she was never of it, since she is able to refer to Messrs. Swinnerton and Walpole as follows :

> " We began having a succession of visitors.... Frank Swinnerton, his disciple; Hugh Walpole, another young admirer and disciple."

And also she is able to say :

> " I had dreamt that Comarques " [the Bennetts' house in Essex] " would be, like Shakespeare's home, a lieu de pélerinage when we should have both departed."

I once came upon a high-school text-book in America which put Shakespeare and Eugene O'Neill on a level. Obviously it is not only in America that such a thing can happen. And, in any case, the school-

ma'am author of the book did not drag Mrs. O'Neill into the picture! In Mrs. Bennett's reminiscences, then, there is nothing—no literary tact—to redeem their obviously having been written to show that her husband—now dead and unable to retaliate—" done her wrong."

" What made me rebel or hesitate," Mrs. Bennett says in one place, "was the dictatorial way in which Arnold expressed himself. The tone of his voice was too dogmatic, too imperative. I had not foreseen that a husband who loved you could be so sharp with you."

And, again, she says that when she made mistakes in English—she is a Frenchwoman by birth—or violated English etiquette, and Bennett noticed it, she would ask him to correct her, and he would reply, " No fear! I have not time." Then she adds : " No! ah no! he had not time.... No! he had not time for Marguerite, for his wife. He felt sorry for her, but it could not be helped. She knew he deplored it; but Arnold had resigned himself to the fact. An artist always ends by putting his work first, his wife second."

It seems that once Bennett had known success, his wife and he found that they had little in common. " Arnold also lived in a world of his own," she says, " though having, with me, an element of great interest in our friends."

A curious link for husband and wife!

However, the point is that all this can be, of course, nobody's business but her own. Likewise, in *Half a Loaf*, although it is in form a novel, Mrs. Grace Hegger Lewis cannot be held guiltless of having torn aside the veil of a decent privacy. Since her story is mainly the story of the squabbles of an American married couple, of which the husband is the

author of an extraordinarily successful novel called *God's Own Country*, and this husband is depicted in a far from edifying light, Mrs. Lewis will not escape the suspicion of having sought to depreciate her own former husband. Like *My Arnold Bennett*, *Half a Loaf* reminds one, indeed, of the remark by Anatole France that he wished people would remember when they should lock a door.

Such is the sense in which one must question the propriety of publishing these books. But as they are published, it has to be recognized that neither is without interest. As I have already said, the interest resides in the disclosures they make concerning the horrors of literary success.

And one may begin by noting that one of the horrors is just the appearance of these books. Once nowadays a novelist has got himself into the front rank of success, he must reckon, it seems, with the world's learning that he is no hero to his wife; and the wife may not even wait until she is a widow to say so!

As to the horrors which the books describe, it is evidently a complete mistake, according to Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Lewis, to imagine that success will follow on the mere writing of a potentially successful novel. The novelist himself has to be "put over"—at least in America, and America, as both books make it clear, is actually the only country where real literary success is possible. And it is this "putting over" which may be regarded as the first indication in a novelist's career of what a desperate, dreary business literary success really is in our time.

Half a Loaf contains a few words about "the planning and projecting" of the vast sales campaign which the publisher of a successful novelist carries out in America before his author's book actually appears. "Travelling salesmen," it says, "armed

with dummies and laudatory summaries, dictated by Timothy himself" [that is, the author], "had long ago stirred the road soil. The lords of the press who signed their reviews were being tactfully apprised of the importance of the new novel." But on this subject of being "put over" it is Mrs. Bennett's book which is the more illuminating.

When *The Old Wives' Tale* had met with some success in England, Bennett heard that an American publisher, Mr. George Doran, was interested in bringing it out in the United States. Bennett at once grasped that here was his opportunity. Let him be properly "pushed" by an American publisher, and he could face the future with equanimity—indeed, with complacency. The thing to do was to get the American publisher to "push"—and to that end one needed to insist on generous terms, so that to recover them the publisher would work hard. As Mrs. Bennett puts it so well: "His chance had come. He was to see to it."

Mr. Doran was given a dinner in the Bennetts' modest but comfortable home—perhaps the best of Mrs. Bennett's book is her account of how this dinner was very nearly a fiasco!—and when the coffee and cigars came, Bennett was primed to talk money. But he quickly discovered that concerning the means of attaining success he was still as a child. Fortunately Mr. Doran was ready to educate him. He showed him that it was not sufficient to write novels however salable nor even sufficient to arrange good terms with one's publisher; one also had to consider the public. "You come to New York," said Mr. Doran. "I will see what I can do for you. The great thing is to show yourself." Even then Bennett did not want to go. Owing to his stammer, he could not lecture. He did not understand how essential to success the going was. Eventually he yielded to

Mr. Doran's insistence : he went and he "showed himself," Mr. Doran being his bear-leader. And that is how Bennett became " a great novelist " in America.

Mrs. Bennett says : " With *The Old Wives' Tale* and Mr. George Doran riches entered our home and stayed there for good." But if without *The Old Wives' Tale* the riches would never have come—after all a novelist must write novels—it was Mr. Doran who brought them across the Bennett threshold, and—despite Bennett's nose for business—not Bennett himself. He had not realized that success, together with that wealth he had assured his wife he would secure for them, depended, not merely on writing something, but, once the writing was done, on " showing " oneself.

Moreover, this showing of oneself is only a preliminary of the arduous and endless programme which the novelist must follow once his novel is out and has been enthusiastically reviewed and is selling as it should. For a conception of the nature of this programme, one turns to *Half a Loaf*. There are requests for autographs. There are interviewers. There are free photographs. There is the lecture agent—and, with the lecture agent, the lectures! A lecture tour, according to *Half a Loaf*, is in itself exhausting. In addition, the officials of the local clubs in which the novelist lectures vary; some are far from charming. Also, the poor novelist may unintentionally get involved in their local jealousies and feuds. In any case, he is dependent on their hospitality.

Mrs. Lewis makes it very plain that for the successful novelist life must be subordinated to publicity. " The point of view " expressed in the reviews was, she says, " unimportant so long as the criticism had Tim's latest photograph." And again : " As soon

as the pulpit got around to discussing it, Darcy Loose" [the novelist's publishers] "knew the book would go to at least 300,000." In one place Mrs. Hale, the novelist's wife, is depicted as having a "secret session" with his publishers, in which they "turned and twisted the personality of Hale as if he were a speculative piece of merchandise which had to be put over." Could it be made more evident that what the novelist writes about, his careful and loving delineation of character, his ingenious and significant manipulation of plot, are all of no consequence? What does matter is that he should write a tale which will get publicity. And it is not only the novel which must be talked about; the novelist himself must cease to be a human being to become an automaton always on view—an automaton capable of gestures and statements certainly, but mechanical gestures and mechanical statements such as will arouse, hold, and, when necessary, revive the public's only too transient curiosity. A European living in Europe and visiting the United States but once, Bennett was doomed never to know real literary success in this aspect of it.

There was, however, another side of it which, according to *My Arnold Bennett*, he apparently did come to know, though not as poignantly as does the hero of Mrs. Lewis's novel. I am coming to what is, as will be seen, the greatest horror of all awaiting those who have the misfortune to win literary success in these days.

At first, no doubt, the success is enjoyable and enjoyed. The Bennetts bought themselves a house in Essex and had it remodelled; they made a great number of interesting new acquaintances. So, too, the Timothy Hales in *Half a Loaf* delighted in seeing a whole window at Brentano's in New York devoted to the display of Hale's novel. When they set out for Europe, Mrs. Hale was thrilled when she

found that, of the books being read by the occupants of the deck-chairs on board the liner, "one in every three" was a copy of her husband's novel. Moreover, in England the Hales had some social success. "Susan," Mrs. Lewis says, "was to be disappointed in ambassadors with monocles and sashes across their chests, in great surgeons and famous soldiers, in successful playwrights, though rarely in an actor." "At first," she also declares, "the literary parties were fun." But all too soon these things palled. And when they had, life for Timothy Hale became empty.

It also became empty for Bennett. The Bennetts went to Holland with a friend. But sight-seeing bored Bennett, and he would, according to *My Arnold Bennett*, send his wife off with the friend to look at tulips and canals, churches and pictures, while he lazed. The Bennetts went to Rome. In a few days, so Mrs. Bennett says, "Arnold was pleased to leave Rome. His interest in it was exhausted." One thinks of Winckelmann's first visit to Italy, of Goethe's! Bennett, it seems, could not distinguish a carrot leaf from a radish leaf, and he took no interest in gardening. His work, although he treated it with an elephantine gravity, occupied him only for a few hours a day. How fill in the rest of the time? He took to going to London "cabarets." "At 52 he learned to dance," Mrs. Bennett says. Literary success was not so bad as that for George Eliot or even for George Meredith!

Nevertheless, life never became quite desolate for Bennett. Though he had few interests outside his work, and though in that work itself inspiration flagged and he was never to write another *Old Wives' Tale*, he could entertain himself. He had learned to play the piano and to paint in water-colour. He bought himself first one yacht, and then, selling her, a larger one. The experience of being rich and of

seeing what money could do never lost its fascination for him.

If, however, Bennett had these consolations in his literary success, Timothy Hale, the novelist hero of *Half a Loaf,* had none at all. Presumably, for him too the little vein of inspiration was soon worked out, and if he went on writing novels they could not absorb him. Nor could anything else. Hence no doubt the sordid little amorous intrigues and the greater and greater affection for the bottle which Mrs. Lewis so vividly describes. They were but signs that he really had nothing to live for.

There we have what must be the greatest horror of being nowadays a literary success. In other departments of mental activity, the success is success in one's work itself : it is not adventitious. And it cannot pall, for one success in such work at once creates a fresh problem with which to succeed. So if Newton and Bentham and Faraday and Claude Bernard and Kant all knew celebrity, they yet continued happily occupied to the end of their days. But for the contemporary successful novelist, once he is confronted with the fact that he is not truly great—since he is no longer inspired—the salt has lost its savour. His success, being to such a great extent independent of the true value of his work, gives him an exaggerated opinion of himself. He cannot live up to it. So he goes about, asking people to call him a genius. Mr. William Gerhardi, in his *Memoirs of a Polyglot,* reveals Bennett as pathetically anxious to be treated as "a great artist." And Mrs. Lewis shows the same anxiety gnawing at the vitals of her Timothy Hale.

Of the many who are striving to "succeed" with a novel, those for whom the success is ever being postponed may console themselves with the thought that they are at least being spared this crowning horror.

Drawing by Matthew Smith

THE FLYING COLUMN

LYTTON STRACHEY

"He brought the snigger to a fine art." That might be the epitaph on Giles Lytton Strachey, who departed this life in January at the age of fifty-one years. Notable as it was, the achievement was of course only part of the secret of his tremendous literary success. He was nicely cautious about what he sniggered at—or perhaps he naturally sniggered only when the world would snigger with him. Then, especially, there was his style. To begin reading him was immediately to be fascinated. He was an adept in the weaving of the magic spell, to be under which is why we read. Each sentence created in the reader the desire for the next, and in his hands biography became as delightful reading as the most accomplished novel-writing. But if his sniggers were natural, about his style there was nothing natural at all. He wrote so that the reader was normally sent hurrying forward, breathless to learn what happened next, and aptly enough that was the only way to read him with enjoyment. As soon as one read carefully, it became evident that his style was extraordinarily laboured; particularly laboured in its rhythm, which became, indeed, monotonous. This is best observed in that early book, *Landmarks in French Literature*. There one sees also that his language was extremely artificial. This amateur of French literature, who expressed so keen an admiration of Racine and Stendhal, had learned nothing from either about how to write. It is most improbable likewise that he ever had an inkling of what either wrote about. The profound and serious must have been quite beyond one who was always ready to sacrifice facts on the squalid altar of his joke. Stendhal no doubt is far from equalling Racine in profundity and seriousness, but in that at which he is a master—the limning of the process of falling in love—he is so original and thorough that his greatness can never be in question. The originality and thoroughness could not possibly have been savoured by a writer who failed utterly to perceive the superiority of Manning over Newman for exalted office in the Roman Catholic Church. To many

Newman proves the more lovable, but Manning was sound as Newman never was, and there are conditions in which soundness is all. Strachey's real affinity, then, was neither Racine nor Stendhal. Perhaps—since he was so much at home in French literature—it was Voltaire. Yet he certainly lacked anything resembling the passionate humanitarianism which redeemed many shortcomings in Voltaire. His literary gift is undeniable. At the same time he will never be suspected of having laughed to keep back the tears.

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'DOCTOR, HEAL THYSELF!'

Mr. Ezra Pound has recently published in England a little book entitled *How to Read* (Desmond Harmsworth, 2s. net). The title suggests a subject upon which we shall always be open to instruction, we trust; and as various people have assured us that Mr. Pound is a very remarkable man, we opened this book with some eagerness. We confess we were disappointed. Although occasionally irritating in its mannerisms, Mr. Pound's prose is most readable. But readable writing and good writing are quite distinct. Mr. Pound does not write well. His writing is confused. After going through his book twice we cannot grasp what it is he is driving at. The fault, of course, may be ours. But let us see. It seems that he is dissatisfied with extant university courses in literature. He proposes a reformed course. The point of this reformed course is that it would have a definite object. After following it, the student could, Mr. Pound believes, " be ' with safety exposed ' to modernity or anything else in literature. . . . He would have axes of reference and would, I think, find them dependable." The course would be a course of reading of those works which, in Mr. Pound's opinion, contain " an invention, a definite contribution to the art of verbal expression." The works have been selected by Mr. Pound from what he gives us to understand has been his very wide reading and as the result of his thinking " consciously about this particular matter " for twenty-seven years. It sounds great. Unfortunately Mr. Pound has neglected to supply a single illustration of what he may mean by "an invention, a definite contribution to the art of verbal expression." Aristotle pointed out long ago that the universal is only to be apprehended in the particular. The same is true of the abstract : it can be understood only in

the concrete. We think it a pity that a man should have devoted twenty-seven years to " conscious thinking " about " the art of verbal expression " and not have stumbled upon that.

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CALLING IN THE HEATHEN CHINEE

Definition will not do : there must be illustration. Mr. Pound, however, is strongly in favour of definition. He issues a caution " against so-called critics. . . who do not define their terms." He says too : " The first credential we should demand of a critic is *his* ideograph of the good; of what he considers valid writing, and indeed of all his general terms." We take it Mr. Pound professes to be a critic. Hence we may not unnaturally expect that, in this book, he will give the example and define *his* terms. But does he ? He says, for instance : " Great literature is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree." Again he speaks of " the art of charging words." Inevitably you will ask : What on earth does the fellow mean by " charge " and what does he mean by " meaning " ? Well, will you believe it, he has simply never remembered to explain. We have not the remotest notion of what, except in Chinese, an " ideograph " may be. But regarding the nature of that " ideograph " which the critic should be compelled to produce—we assume it cannot be a Chinese character—Mr. Pound is quite silent. And mention of Chinese leads us to remark that Mr. Pound apparently believes that the way to become a judge of writing in, say, English is to study the successive innovations that have taken place in the use of various written languages—Greek, Latin, Provençal, Italian, French, and—Chinese! To the reader who says, " Oh, but I can't learn all these languages," he answers : " I am only suggesting a few poems and prose works in each language. One does not need to learn a whole language in order to understand some one or some dozen poems. It is often enough to understand thoroughly the poem, and every one of the few dozen or few hundred words that compose it." At the same time he bids us study Confucius in full, and to do that he admits we must either read him in French or learn Chinese. His own acquaintance with Chinese, it turns out, is confined to Fenollosa's essay on the Chinese written character! We shall not mince our words : this suggestion that effects in writing

can be judged by picking up a few crumbs of the language in which they are produced is nonsense. Before an Englishman can understand French poetry, for instance, he must have not only a thorough knowledge of the French language, but also a French sensibility and a French intelligence.

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OLD STUFF OR JUST STUFF

As we have said, we have failed to grasp what it is Mr. Pound is actually driving at. So far as we can fathom him at all, he seems either to be saying what has long been known or to be rambling. He is trotting out either old stuff or just stuff. He asserts that the sole Greek writers who matter are Homer and Sappho. The statement was made as long ago as the first or the third century in the treatise known as *Longinus on the Sublime*. Mr. Pound says, without acknowledgements, that " even Aeschylus was rhetorical." In *Longinus on the Sublime* not only is this stated, but also an illustration is provided. As regards Mr. Pound's statement that what really matters in literature is the way in which the language is utilized, we open Brunetière and we read : " All great literary revolutions are revolutions in the language." Only, whereas for French Mr. Pound recommends Villon, Voltaire, Stendhal, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Gautier, Corbière, and Rimbaud, Brunetière's list of French innovators includes Ronsard, Malherbe, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and Victor Hugo. We suspect that, of the two, Brunetière knows more what he is talking about. Our own view is that a test of the soundness of one's judgement of writing is one's own ability to write. If Mr. Pound's course were worth anything, considering that, so he says, he has himself been following it for twenty-seven years, one would expect him to know something about writing. If he does, however, how is it that, for instance, his *XXX Cantos* are so wretchedly dull ? Were this a little book instead of merely a paragraph, we could indicate our meaning. As it is, we can only say that the line, " De Gama wore striped pants in Africa," may be instructive : it does not excite us. Of his prose we have been speaking. We find it sprightly yet turbid. It is defaced by silly mannerisms. He wishes to refer to Russian literature, and he speaks of it as " the Rhooshuns " in inverted commas. Is that in its context the expression of a man who understands the use of words ?

One must add that it would be unfair to take leave of Mr. Pound without commending his remarks about translations.

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'BASIC' AND BABEL

The Orthological Institute (of London and Cambridge) is intensifying its campaign on behalf of " Basic English " —a universal language of only 850 words. Since its first contribution to the Psyche Miniature Series appeared eighteen months ago—this first contribution was entitled *Basic English*—the following have been added : *Carl and Anna* (*in Basic English*), *The Basic Traveller*, *Brighter Basic*, *Basic English Applied* (*Science*), *World Economy*, and *Debabelization*. Most of these little volumes issue from the pen of Mr. C. K. Ogden himself, the moving spirit of the Institute. Notably *Debabelization* does. We are not satisfied that, in particular, this little book's arguments in behalf of the adoption of " Basic English " are sound. The absence of a simple universal language, such as Basic, is, it says, a formidable obstacle to the development of international commerce. In other words, international communication for commercial purposes is at present difficult. But will Basic, we would ask, be generally adopted on that account ? For an example of the nature of the present linguistic difficulties, *Debabelization* quotes Sir John Russell, of the Imperial Soil Bureau. According to Sir John, publications reach the Bureau in more than twenty languages, " and new ones come along." " The Poles, who used to use Russian, insist on Polish; then there is Ukrainian, and we are now threatened with a journal in Georgian." To us it seems that the complaint is far from being an argument in support of the adoption of Basic. In fact, *Debabelization* has mistaken the question at issue, we suggest. That question is not, simply, Would it not be better to have one language in place of twenty ? It is rather, Are we to live for international commerce or are we to live for nationalism ? For, of course, nationalism in any particular region is greatly helped by a regional language. The Scottish nationalists, e.g. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, should do more than wear Highland dress; they should speak solely in, not Basic, but Gaelic. But a third question may be put as an answer to this question at issue. Why should we live for international commerce or live for nationalism ? Why should we not live for our individual selves ?

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There will be published in later issues of THIS QUARTER :

On Political Parties, by *Paul Valéry*, of the French Academy.
Notes on Strindberg, by *G. W. Stonier*.
Stories, by *Guy Fangel, John Hampson, Vladimir Sirin, Marion Ward,* and *Oliver Warner*.
Poems, by *Forrest Anderson, S. R. Fairbairne-McPhee, Louis MacNeice,* and *J. M. Reeves*.